

THE  
CABINET;  
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF  
POLITE LITERATURE.

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JANUARY, 1808.

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THE LATE MR. SUETT.

RICHARD SUETT was a native of the metropolis; his father's trade was well adapted to his patronymic appellation; he was a butcher; and, it is said, he was for some time employed at St. Paul's as showman of the curiosities and wonders of that cathedral to occasional visitors.

Young Suett acquired an early taste for singing, perhaps from listening to the noble choir of St. Paul's. He was himself afterwards a singing-boy in one of our cathedrals, and must have profited much by the instruction he received, for he was allowed to be one of the best musicians on our stage.

When a boy, he performed some trifling part at the Haymarket Theatre; but his first theatrical engagement was with Tate Wilkinson at York, where he soon got into favour, as well as at Edinburgh, at that time superintended by the same manager; and Old Tate in his *Wandering Patentee* speaks very handsomely of Suett's conduct both as an actor and a man.

His merit soon attracted the attention of the London managers; and, on the 7th of October, 1780, Mr. Suett made his appearance at Drury Lane, in *Ralph*, in the *Maid of the Mill*, and continued in that company till the time of his death, which happened about the middle

of the year 1805. His style of acting must be in the recollection of most of our readers; it was perfectly original; and his humour in particular characters, such as *Endless*, *Dickey Gossip*, *Yuseph*, &c. quite irresistible. We are sorry to add, that he hastened his dissolution by excesses, which sometimes exposed him to the just disapprobation of the public. The portrait we have given of him is in the character of *Daniel Dowlas* in the *Heir at Law*.

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### A GREAT GENIUS.

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MR. CONDUCTOR,

I HAVE long regarded myself as a being endowed with no common intellect, and destined to occupy no ordinary station. With what justice I have fostered such flattering sentiments, you shall presently learn;—give me leave in the mean time to assure you, that I am one of the most promising youths of the age; in short, Sir, a perfect genius, betraying every moment some one or other characteristic of the most transeendent mental powers which human nature is capable of conceiving.

From most affectionate parents I first received the knowledge of my super-eminent talents, and to their discernment alone are you to ascribe the splendid consequences that are likely to ensue. Whilst they made me acquainted with my worth, they cherished incessantly and successfully the germs of that genius I now manifest. Innumerable peculiarities of behaviour during the early and later periods of childhood might be adduced as proofs of my native disposition to think and act for myself; this enumeration however I shall wave, and proceed to relate some of those more palpable traits which have distinguished my riper years, and which promise, methinks, the ultimate attainment of high literary eminence, and very general publicity.

Upon a fair retrospect, Mr. Conductor, I believe you will find that almost every truly original character has been particularized by some singularity of gesture, gait, or growth. This, Sir, is exactly my predicament. Whether at home or abroad, I am constantly exciting surprize by a rapid succession of muscular contractions, or an eternal exhibition of involuntary exercise. In the pub-

lic streets I frequently discover a train of attentive passengers alternately studying the contour of my countenance, and copying the air of my march. Nor am I less distinguished by my person. With the most assiduous care I have indeed cultivated a peculiarity in the cast of my eyes, and a slight redundancy, as some would term it, in the vertebræ of my back. From the mysterious emotions of a fond parent, occasioned by a very trifling incident, my face became embellished with several Syriac characters, and I was thus born with a head, early indeed indicative of the extensive attainments of its possessor. Such are the peculiar circumstances under which I ever appear. My mental constitution is as remarkable. Objects the most familiar, and events to others the most trivial, excite in me a sympathy I am unable to suppress, and give birth to an association of ideas, I am unwilling solely to engross. With feelings thus vivid, and an imagination thus active, I frequently address invocations to the passing fly, and apostrophes to my walking-stick; subjects, much as they may be ridiculed by ordinary minds—eminently susceptible of poetic diction and pathos, and forming admirable vehicles for the introduction of popular sentiments. Light amusements of this nature generally constitute my employment during the day;—to abstruse speculations and metaphysical researches, I consecrate the night, so congenial with their obscurity. By this means my features have acquired a pallid hue, and altogether, a more philosophic appearance; for though nature will too often seize the repose she has in vain been soliciting, I seldom suffer myself to see the dawn, ere the allotted hours have been duly devoted to profound study; ere my extensive library has been enriched with additional marginal illustrations,—or something has been added to the mass of original information I have to arrange and communicate to the world.

Notwithstanding such unequivocal marks of genius, my fondness for retirement would, I believe, have tempted me to remain in privacy, had not the exercise of that genius been attended with such brilliant results, some few of which I will detail as proofs of my successful application: to the friends of Grecian literature I shall shortly introduce myself by announcing the discovery of an important error in the pointing of *Polychron's Essay on Insects*, whilst the attention of the whole society of antiquaries will be speedily arrested by the publication of my contro-



versy with the sexton of St. Saviour's, respecting the fire-ladders of the ancientss, and their mode of ascending them. Much as my thoughts have been engaged with the prosecution of these, and some similar designs, I have not forgotten, Sir, other branches of science, equally interesting and useful; I have been long occupied in collecting various editions of *Dr. Moore's Almanac*, greater part of which I intend soon to republish, with the *Memoirs of his Life*, and a *preliminary Dissertation on his Character*. My library boasts of the most complete collection extant of the different Spelling Guides of *Dilworth, Wright, Ash*, and others; copies of which I am at present collating with the view of presenting to the public, *Specimens of our later and more modern Orthography*.

This hasty sketch has convinced you, Sir, I doubt not, that my genius is active and imposing. Were it necessary to prove its versatility, I might tell you how completely I comprehend the structure of the mole and the moon; with what equal precision I could analyse the rays of light and the pellicle of a sausage; how accurately I could describe the most complicated diagram; and with what ease I could thence pass to the illustration of geological theories, or the maxims of the first peripatetics.—This, however, would be foreign to my purpose, my sole object at present being to draw the outlines of a character thus strongly marked, and, after a candid investigation of its singular merits, to ask of you, Sir—if my self-admiration is not justifiable;—if I am not, in short, entitled to academical honours and national patronage!

Dec. 1807.

MARTIN MUSK.

#### ARISTIDES,

A disinterested Athenian patriot, banished by the caprice or the malignancy of his countrymen, whom he had served with clean hands, and an uncorrupted heart; this praise has been refused to his rival Themistocles, with all his predominating powers.

That great commander being blocked up by Xerxes, in the streights of Salamis, Aristides, instead of abandoning a political antagonist who had often attacked him with coarse invective, gallantly forced his way through the Persian fleet, and reaching the shore, thus addressed Themistocles: "At a moment like the present, let us forget those contentions in which we have been too long engaged; let our struggle be of a more honourable kind,



let us try who is best able to extricate the Greeks from their present difficulties ; I saw you encompassed by the enemy, and immediately resolved, at all risques, to come to your assistance ; I have attacked and broke through the Persian line, and sunk several of their ships, and have not a doubt, but that, with your assistance, they may be entirely defeated, and the honour of our country preserved."

The resentments of Themistocles were instantly subdued by such conduct, and he made the following reply : " Generous and excellent Aristides, I acknowledge myself your inferior ; the emulation you so nobly point out, it shall be the glory of my life to practise." It is scarcely necessary to add, that, by their united efforts, the fleet of Xerxes was soon destroyed.

The reader will probably ask, by what means so intrepid a commander, and so good a citizen, incurred the displeasure of his countrymen ? I almost blush for poor human nature, when I relate the circumstance : one of these *worthy characters*, probably of the description of those heroes whom we must shake by the hand, and make low bows to during a contested election ; one of them being asked, why he voted for the banishment of so good a man, candidly replied : " I know no harm of him whatever, but I could not bear to hear every body calling him, on all occasions, **ARISTIDES THE JUST.**" \*\*\*

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#### CAROLAN,

A composer, a musician, a poet, and a man of genius ; the last of the Irish bards, one of whose songs has been translated by Swift.

In a moment of jealousy or pride, he challenged a brother professor of considerable eminence, to a trial of skill, who immediately played the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. " I cannot excel it," exclaimed the generous Carolan, " but I can play it as well myself."

This he actually did immediately, without losing a single note, and without having recourse to any score, which it was impossible for a man, *born blind*, to make use of.

Carolan was unfortunately attached to usquebaugh as well as music, and is said to have called for a glass of this national cordial in the article of death ; but the powers of nature were so exhausted, that he felt himself unable to swallow it ; after kissing the cup, he returned it to the hand of an attendant, sunk on his pillow, and instantly expired.

## THE SISTER.

*A Night Scene from Memory.*

I WAS returning homewards, with my gun, one evening, when I found myself at the foot of the celebrated Mount Gorgano. Fatigued with the sports of the day, I laid myself down under a capacious oak, and contemplated the beauties of the scene around me. It was ten o'clock: the moon shed its mildest lustre; and, as I watched its progress through the skies, a pleasing melancholy took possession of my soul.

Nothing is so delightful as a fine night in Italy; my ear was filled with the almost insensible murmurs of a thousand different sounds, which, in the evening, when all else is silent, gently murmur in the ear. I perceived at a short distance the majestic mountains, with their frozen tops, which command the Abruzzi, and heard at intervals the sullen noise of the distant wave and the piercing cry of the solitary bittern. Over my head hovered some of those swans which delight to court the neighbourhood of the sea, and I could half distinguish the plaintive notes of the nightingale concealed within the thick umbrage of some olive trees, whose leaves were silvered by the radiant light of the moon.

After enjoying the scene for some time, I arose, and advanced towards a small wood, when suddenly I perceived a white figure, which at first I took for a creature of the imagination; but, observing it to move, I softly made my way through the branches, and soon distinguished the form of a beautiful female. She had a lyre in her hand, and was reclining against a lemon-tree. From her youth, her beauty, and the delicacy of her figure, she appeared to be something ærial. I was, however, on the point of speaking, when she struck the chords of her lyre, and sung in a low but melting tone one of those simple and affecting airs which at once take possession of the heart as well as of the ear. I listened with ecstasy.

The voice ceased, but she continued slightly to touch the strings of the lyre, and the nightingale sweetly warbled between the notes, as if willing to emulate the fair one's melodious accents. I was so absorbed in listening

to the charming musician, that I did not perceive I was discovered, till a voice from a young man, who held a dagger to my breast, cried out, "You are lost, if you attempt to move; why have you concealed yourself so close to my sister?" I was a little alarmed at this salutation, because I was so entangled in the copse, that I had neither power to stir nor to defend myself, nor to get at my fowling piece, which I had thrown down a few paces from me. "Take my gun," I said to my adversary, "and retain it in your possession till you shall be convinced of the innocence of my intentions." This proposal, which was not likely to come from an assassin, seemed to pacify the stranger. I told him it was impossible not to stop and listen to the melodious voice of his charming sister, and that I only concealed myself from her view, lest my sudden appearance might have terrified her. He was now fully sensible of his mistake, and asking my pardon, returned the dagger into his girdle, and hastened to his sister, with whom he immediately returned, and presented her to me. After a little conversation, I was about to take my leave, notwithstanding the brother had already entreated me to accompany them to their *villa*, when the amiable warbler took my fuzil from the hands of her brother, and said to me, smilingly, "Do not hope to escape, perfidious knight; my brave champion has conquered you; you are my prisoner, and condemned by the laws of honour to obey the princess whom you would have carried off."

Charmed with the idea of so pleasing a punishment, I followed the august princess, and begged to be permitted to take charge of her lyre. We soon arrived at the entrance of an elegant mansion, the porticoes of which were shaded by some tall poplars. Don Giovanni preceded us in silence. I now again offered to take my leave, but they both pressed me strongly to remain with them a few days, and I was too much interested by their manners not to comply. We entered a saloon very elegantly furnished, and hung with pictures which represented several of the most striking occurrences in the history of Rome. The windows, which were open, admitted the balsamic odour of Spanish jessamines, the syringa, and orange trees, which grew beneath them. At midnight, a sumptuous supper was served up, at which the silent Giovanni did the honours, with a polite-



ness somewhat constrained, while his amiable sister displayed all the winning graces of gaiety.

Donna Carolina was about eighteen; the vermilion which glowed on her countenance, her full black eyes sparkling with vivacity, the playful smile which accompanied every word she uttered, and her dark and lustrous hair, which waved in ringlets to her waist, gave her the appearance of another Hebe. Beauty so perfectly enchanting had never before met my view; but I felt that my heart was free even in the presence of the beautiful Caroline, I was even unjust enough to think her too unaffected, too sprightly. When I first saw her, she appeared to me a melancholy, dejected, unfortunate creature, and I enjoyed the idea that I was the happy man destined to dry her tears. Had I discovered her to be the being which my romantic imagination had pictured, love might, perhaps—but, alas! Caroline was not an enthusiast like me; she laughed and chatted, in spite of the silence which nature observed around us, as if it had been mid-day.

Her brother interested me much more. Don Giovanni, in the flower of his age, appeared to sink under the weight of a secret grief: the paleness of his countenance, the melancholy expression of his dark blue eyes, his slow and doubtful step, excited my sympathy in an uncommon degree. His sister reproached him every now and then for his inattention, but with so much gentleness and caution, that it was easy to perceive that she was fearful of alarming his sensibility. At the conclusion of the repast, he requested I would excuse his absence for a few moments. When he had left us, Caroline asked me, whether I was not surprized, “that, in the peaceable mansion of Don Giovanni, the night should be thus turned as it were into day? As soon as our supper,” continued she, without giving me time to reply to her question, “has refreshed us after our first walk, we take another, which sometimes lasts till sun-rise. This departure from ordinary custom is the only consolation my brother will now allow himself.” I expressed the most earnest desire to be made acquainted with his history, and to be permitted to share in the sorrows of the unhappy Giovanni. She seemed affected by the warmth of my manner; and, after a few moments’ silence, proceeded as follows:—

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[To be concluded in our next.]

## THE COLLECTOR.

No. IV.

*Collatis undique membris.*—HOR.

JOHN LOUIS DE FIESCA,

A wealthy, powerful, and ambitious nobleman of Genoa, which may be called the land of experiment, as there is scarcely any form of government, which it has not tried.

After emerging from the yoke of the Romans, the Lombards and Charlemagne, it has, at different times, been governed by dukes and by counts, by consuls, podestats, captains of the people, councils of twelve and of twenty-four, and by doges; but, in spite of every precaution, has alternately experienced the evils of family cabal, aristocratic usurpation, and popular insurrection.

Andrew Doria, a name still mentioned in Genoa with reverence, seemed at length sent by Heaven, to rescue his country from foreign interference and domestic dissension. It was during this short interval of repose, (1547) that the subject of our present article, endeavoured to interrupt it; assisted by the intrigues of France, and of Alexander Farnese, who then governed Rome and the church, as Pope Paul the third.

Most conspiracies have originated from the grievances of an oppressed people, or the ruined fortunes of bold bad men, and desperate individuals, who, uniting and fermenting, in the leaven of dishonesty and discontent, every spirit as restless and wicked as themselves, resolve, at every risk, to degrade all that is powerful, and plunder all who are rich.

But, at the moment of that insurrection, which I propose to give a short account of, Genoa possessed more real freedom, happiness, and peace, than it had enjoyed for several centuries; and Fiesca united, in an extraordinary degree, the precious gifts of fortune, fame, person, and understanding.

In the prime of life, for he had scarcely reached his twenty-second year, blest with the affections of a wife whom he tenderly loved, the beautiful, virtuous, and

tender Eleanora ; and enjoying the friendship of his fellow-citizens, he was stimulated by ambition to aim at supreme power.

To effect this purpose, he joined an ardour which no obstacle could resist, with a deep policy and premeditating coolness, which baffled, or did not excite, suspicion. Having secured men, arms, and gallies, and distributed corn and money, under the pretence of a charitable donation, he embraced every opportunity of displaying himself to the people in splendid attire, and mounted on horses richly caparisoned ; gaining the affections of all, by gentle manners and graceful familiarity.

On these occasions, as he conversed with the citizens, he would sometimes lament the pride and oppressive conduct of the nobles, venture to hint that a remedy was not impossible ; but, after a short pause, recommend patience and submission : he secured the attachment of the vain, the idle, the dissipated, the necessitous, and the discontented, in all stages of society a numerous class, by gratifying present want, and exciting future hope.

Fiesca continued to visit, as usual, the two Dorias, Andrew and Jeannetin, treating them on all occasions with marked respect and attention.

To prevent any suspicion being excited by exercising his vassals at his country seat, he complained that he had been insulted by the Duke of Placentia, when, in fact, that prince had promised to assist him with two thousand men, and he was able to muster the same number himself ; at the port, and on board the gallies, he had also many dependants.

To account for several of his armed gallies entering the harbour, he proposed cruising against the Turks.

The fatal, the guilty secret, had, as yet, been fully communicated to three persons only, Calcagno, Sacco, and Verrina, three of his most confidential friends, in this unwarrantable proceeding ; the two first deliberate, cautious, but determined ; the last, haughty, furious, and bloody-minded ; each of them considering the plot in which they were engaged, as a means of gratifying envy and private revenge, more than the probability of its success ; but all devoted to their leader by strong personal attachment and considerable pecuniary obligation.

After many consultations, the conspirators considered



the means they possessed as fully adequate to the object in view, and determined, if possible, to dispatch the two Dorias without further delay ; as the vigilance, abilities, and patriotism of this family, were the chief obstacle to their designs.

For this purpose, they were invited to a public entertainment at the Fiesca palace : thus, a man of rank, education, and considerable moral rectitude, who, a few months before, would have started at injuring a fellow-creature in the slightest degree, was stimulated, by a thirst for power, to stain his threshold with the blood of the venerable father of his country, and under the guise of hospitality, to commit assassination,

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis  
Sceptri sacra fames ?

A sudden illness of Andrew, prevented the execution of this part of their plan.

Fiesca thought it necessary to discover the conspiracy to Paul Pansa, the friend and tutor of his youth, respectable for his age, his learning, and integrity, hoping that he would join and assist their counsels.

Pansa replied, that from the alteration in his looks, manners, and mode of speaking, and from his associating with persons of inferior rank and doubtful reputation, he had long suspected that a dangerous enterprize was in agitation : that he had forbore, from delicacy, friendship, and respect to enter on the subject ; but, although he would not betray, he could not participate in the undertaking.

The good old man conjured him, by the honors of his house, by his friendship, by his belief in that holy religion, whose maxims it had been the business of his life to inculcate and impress on his mind ; by those locks which were grey in the service of his family, and lastly, by his love for Eleanora ! not to throw away the real and certain happiness he possessed, for chimerical and hazardous expectations ; which, *if they succeeded*, could not elevate him to a situation more splendid, honorable, and happy, than that in which he was already placed ; but, if they failed, would be productive of death, ignominy, and confiscation to all concerned.

That, to many of his associates, bankrupts in fame as well as fortune, and looking only to what they could get in a general plunder, massacre, and confusion, such considerations were useless ; but, that men like himself and a few others, elevated in rank and wealth, *who had some-*

*thing to lose*, would do well coolly to weigh the consequences and hazard of so momentous and irretrievable a step: neither argument nor intreaty could prevail on Fiesca, and the worthy veteran departed from his palace in tears.

The evening of the next day was fixed for executing their purpose, and a cannon fired in the harbour, by Verrina, was to be the signal that he was ready to co-operate.

An entertainment having been announced, many guests repaired to the palace, which they found crowded with strangers and armed soldiers; and the persons invited, being conducted to a spacious saloon in a remote part of the building, found the leader and principal conspirators assembled, when Fiesca thus addressed them:

“ The hour at length approaches, when you have it in your power to relieve Genoa from the yoke of a tyrannic and haughty nobility; in less than an hour, our portion will be honorable death, or the recovery and establishment of our freedom on a glorious and eternal basis;—this is the feast to which I have invited you.

“ The younger Doria has, for several years, been endeavouring to secure to himself and family, absolute power; in order more completely to deceive, and that your chains may be indissolubly rivetted, he would establish despotism under the form of a republic; considering me as one determined to oppose his designs, he has resolved to assassinate me; but I have hitherto been preserved by Providence from his stiletto, for the purpose of restoring you to liberty.

“ You are grievously oppressed by arrogant taskmasters, whose pride and hardness of heart will increase, should the Doria family succeed in their wishes.

“ If we succeed in the undertaking to which you are called, I will immediately restore the popular government; so well planned are our precautions, and so effectual the means we have taken, that success and an easy victory may be pronounced as certain.

“ The city guards and artificers are wholly devoted to my will; their number is nearly three thousand; these, with two thousand of my own vassals, and the same number from the Duke of Placentia, wait only for my orders.

“ Our designs are a profound secret, the enemy is off his guard; the danger, the difficulty, the expence, and

anxiety, have been mine ; to share in the glory, to rescue yourselves from slavery, and enjoy the blessings I offer, is your portion.

“ But, as I wish no man to engage, who cannot cheerfully co-operate with hand and heart ; should any persons present be averse to the business in question, let them retire to a tower which adjoins to my palace ; there they shall remain in safety until the short struggle is concluded, when, I pledge my honor, that they shall return unmolested to their families.”

The guests who had been invited, as they imagined, to an entertainment, were motionless and silent ; but, when they had recovered from the surprize naturally excited by so unexpected a proposal, they declared, with the exception of only two citizens, that they would support the count with their lives and fortunes ; the company then partook of a hasty repast, while, to each of them, his post and duty were assigned.

A hard, a painful task, still remained for Fiesca ; the fever of ambition had not extinguished love ; he repaired to the apartment of Eleanora, to which he had invited his friend Pansa for the evening, hoping that his interesting conversation and agreeable manners, would prevent her observing what passed ; for, with a degree of cruel kindness, he had not yet given her any intimation of the conspiracy.

Suppressing, as far as he was able, the agitation in his breast, he communicated, in a few words, to the trembling Eleanora, the business of the night. Terrified and distracted, she rushed into his arms, conjuring him, by every tender tie, to abandon his enterprize.

The thunder of a cannon, fired by Verrina, shook the palace, and prevented further words, tearing himself from the friend he loved, and the woman he adored, Fiesca retired precipitately, exclaiming, “ To retract, or even to deliberate, is now too late ; success alone can prevent death and destruction ; in a few minutes, you will be a widow or mistress of Genoa.” Placing himself at the head of his companions, they instantly sallied forth.

The city gates were immediately taken possession of, the galleys of the Dorias secured, and the populace in arms, crying out, Fiesca and liberty, crowded through the streets ; the wishes of the insurgents were accomplished.



Jeannetin had rushed, at the first alarm, towards the harbour, but fell a sacrifice to popular fury: the venerable Andrew, sinking under age and infirmity, was safely conveyed, by his faithful domestics, through a postern, to his villa, a few miles from the city.

The senate assembled to know their fate, but Fiesca, for whom every thing had been in motion, was no more: in attempting to get on board a galley, a plank on which he trod, being insecurely placed, he fell headlong into the water; the tide was low, but, the weight of his armour, the mud, and the darkness of the night, prevented his extricating himself.

Thus, by an unexpected accident, which a little care would have prevented, perished an extraordinary young man, at once the ornament and enemy of his country, and his designs perished with him; his brother endeavoured to take his place, but when the people heard that their favorite was dead, they retired, in sullen melancholy, to their houses, and tranquillity was immediately restored.

The senate proclaimed a general pardon, by sound of trumpet, and the friends of the republic mingling their tears with those of Andrew Doria for his nephew, and Paul Pansa for his friend, soothed, by every means in their power, the sorrows of the widowed Eleanora.

Will my readers pardon a short reflection?—Except to shake off a foreign yoke, or resist some palpable and odious oppression, few popular insurrections can be excused, not only on account of the evils they produce, but because, ultimately, they are never beneficial.

That immense machine, the people, once put in motion, either crushes by the enormity of its weight, or, *like other machines*, for want of a thinking principle, is not qualified for salutary exertion, and becomes a ready instrument for new tyrannies, in the hands of artful and dishonest men.

Kings, I believe, are, by this time, convinced, that a Nero, a Caracalla, or a Commodus, would not *now* be submitted to; I trust, and speak from my own feelings and settled purpose, *not for a moment*; such is the improved state of general information, such the omnipotence of public opinion, of truth, and common sense, for which we are indebted to the reformation, and to the liberty of the press.

But, although immediate personal oppression, and despotic cruelty; dungeons, tortures, inquisitors, racks

and wheels, are, I hope, banished for ever, yet, calamities await us, grievous and destructive, though not so terrible to look at.

From eternal wars, which it is easier to deplore than prevent; from vast peace establishments, which a military republic in the heart of Europe, renders it unsafe to diminish; from public profusion, private improvidence, or official peculation, rates and taxes press with a grinding and intolerable force, on the middle and most useful ranks, who have not, like their superiors, the resources of court favor; nor, like their inferiors, parochial assistance, which they demand with stubborn insolence, and enjoy with silent ingratitude.

A countryman is said to have complained, on a certain occasion, to a priest of Hercules, that his flock was dreadfully thinned, by the frequent sacrifices to that *beef-eating* deity; for Βεφαγος, is the term applied to him by several of the Greek writers.

“He preserves your cattle from disease, and from wild beasts,” replied the priest.—“What difference does it make to *me*,” replied the farmer, “whether my herd is devoured by wolves, or by their protectors!”

In a country, and under a constitution like our’s, it is clearly the interest, as well as duty, of all ranks, and all classes of society, zealously to co-operate with one hand and one heart, in resisting an enemy like France, operating as much by destructive principles as by the musket; an enemy avowing, without reserve, her envious design to crush our trade, our wealth, and our independence.

In this renewed contest, after a hollow truce, which the Corsican meant not, and England could not observe, I hope and trust, that no Englishman will be found to shrink from pecuniary contribution and personal exertion.

Great sacrifices *must* be made; monied men, and gentlemen of large landed property, should *at once and unasked*, come forward with an offer of **HALF THEIR INCOMES**; for, it is on *their* guineas, and *their* farms, that Bonaparte wishes, but, if we are true to ourselves, vainly wishes, to lay his hand.

In the mean time, if kings, princes, and ministers, were to lower their annual demands on the public, it would add considerably to their popularity, and be considered as a proof of public spirit, and a disinterested regard for the happiness of the people they govern.

## A FURTHER TRAIT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

THERE never was an impostor, who wanted to lead and govern, but enjoined, in the first place, that men should quit reason, and stifle common-sense. This has always been the corner-stone, when religion has been either the means to be employed, or the end to be brought about. There is extant a curious letter from Oliver Cromwell to Colonel Hammond, which illustrates the position in an high degree. Hammond was governor of the Isle of Wight, during the confinement of Charles I. in Carisbrook Castle; and had conceived some scruples concerning his royal charge, which made him desirous to quit the army and retire. Cromwell, in a letter of November 25, 1648, about two months before the beheading of Charles, endeavours to remove these scruples; but how? not by topics drawn from reason or policy, but by canting and whining about faith and grace.

“ Dear Robin, our *fleshly reasonings* ensnare us: these make us say, *heavy, sad, pleasant, easy*. Was there not a little of this, when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction, desired retirement from the army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight?—Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this service. If thou *wilt* seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that person to thee; how before and since God has ordered him, and affairs concerning him; and then tell me, whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained; and, laying aside thy *fleshly reason*, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is.”—In the following passage, he reasons and shews that he could talk sense if he would, “ Authorities and Powers are the ordinance of God; this or that species of human institution is limited, some with larger, others with stricter bonds, each according to its consitution. I do not therefore think authorities may do any thing, and yet obedience be due; but all agree there are cases, in which it is lawful to resist.” Reasoning, however, would not do with Hammond; and therefore Cromwell desists from it, as totally to be distrusted. “ But truly these kind of *reasonings* may be but *fleshly*, either with or against; and let us beware, lest *fleshly reasonings*, &c.—Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting pre-



sumptuously in *carnal* confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence: both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and he was grieved with them. The encountering difficulties therefore makes us not to tempt God, but acting before and without *faith*. If the Lord hath in any measure persuaded his people, as generally he hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the duty, this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is *faith*; and acting thereupon is acting in *faith*; and the more the difficulties are, the more *faith*.—Dear Robin, beware of men, look up to the Lord. Let him be free to speak, and command in thy heart. Take heed of the things, I fear, thou hast *reasoned* thyself into; and thou shalt be able through him, without consulting flesh and blood, to do *valiantly* for him and for his people.”

Thus strengthened, Hammond persevered piously in his duty, and the king was brought *valiantly* to the block about two months after; and thus knavery hath practised upon folly and madness, in all ages of the world, and among all ranks of men. S.

### THE SATIRIST.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

WHILE the numerous crimes which are prevalent in political society are counteracted by severe laws and rigorous punishment, there is a species of minor offences, scarcely less destructive of the true interests of moral society, which are best repressed by ridicule; since it often happens, that men are shamed out of vices which philosophy has in vain admonished them to forsake. When the powers of ridicule are employed to correct the errors and expose the absurdities which prevail amongst the unthinking, the profligate, and the vain, their application is essentially beneficial to society; but, when the flippant and insulting spirit of sarcasm is applied to depreciate and vilify individuals, the dignity of satire is debased, and its aim defeated. When the excess of reproach is used towards inadvertencies, and all the insolence of invective is exhausted on trifles, it is no longer satire, but scurrility. The true satirist, who lashes the

depravity of fools, is to be distinguished from the scribbler that libels the infirmities of the wise.

I was led to these remarks by the appearance of a publication, under the title of *The Satirist*, which, under the pretence of coming forward to reform the errors and detect the follies of the age, seems struggling to force itself into notice by the most impudent rancour and illiberal personality.

When a chimney-sweeper rushes into the crowd, the by-standers instantly make way—not from motives of polite ceremony, but of personal cleanliness: it is by blackening every one that the sooty intruder procures attention; and it is by smearing the fame, and smutting the reputation of whoever has risen into public notice, that the Satirist endeavours to force himself into observation. To make a reformer of this cast there requires no farther stock in trade than impudence. He may work very successfully, for a time, with this tool alone; but the poverty of the manufacture will soon betray the meanness of the material. He may delight himself indeed with his own fancied importance. Though no better than a common-place punster, he may conceive himself a thorough-bred wit. Like the chimney-sweeper, he may fancy himself a favoured son of Harmony, while he is only footing it, with merry heel, to the music of his own shovel and brush.

Since this Satirist affects to be a profound critic, and great literary as well as moral reformer, and counsels the conductors of the *EDINBURGH REVIEW* to study the principles and rules of English grammar, it may be worth while to examine how well qualified he is to mount the magisterial chair, in which he has suddenly seated himself with such an air of self-importance. It is always an useful rule to begin at the beginning; we will therefore start with the prologue. It is presented to us in the language of sweet poesy; but we shall endeavour to get at its meaning, if it has any, nevertheless. It informs us when and in what days

Great SATIRE rose! by generous ardour warm'd,  
For virtue, peace, and public weal alarm'd.

The reader, if he would preserve the rythme, must so order his pronunciation as may best suit his ear.

His brazen bow of mighty strength he strung,  
And o'er his back his loaded quiver flung.

Thus "nobly clad" in the array of a *Cupid*, he proceeded to level his darts in all directions :

At each offence his ready dart he aim'd.

It would, to be sure, have been more consistent with common sense, to suppose the dart to have been aimed at the *offender*; and, indeed, by the effect produced, we may presume the fact was so; for he,

At each discharge some hateful monster maim'd.

And as some of these monsters, it seems, stalked about upon stilts, the darts soon fetched them down to the level of their mother earth. Among the rest

O'erweening pride soon felt the galling wound,  
And lay, *unstilted*, writhing on the ground.

All this was in the days of Rome; since which days the victim has repaired her stilts, and recovered her strength.

According to the description given of Satire in this prologue, he appears to have turned himself into a *conflagration*, and Riches and Rank, two fire-engines, played upon him, it seems, without effect.

Riches nor rank could *quench* his generous flame.

After all, it was, perhaps, an ill-judged attempt to extinguish it, since it had been better policy in them to have suffered it to burn out.

I wonder whether it is to one poet, or to the contributive aid of several of the sons of Apollo, that we are indebted for all the information about Satire contained in this poetical preface. If one might judge from the following invocation, it should seem to be the work of a single hand:

Britain! *my* native land! *my* well-lov'd home!

But as Satire, according to him, is a Proteus, that can transform himself at will, so this prologue-writer, like the Polypus, can multiply himself at pleasure.

He proceeds, therefore, (having first paid his address to his native land in the *singular*,) to apostrophize the Spirit of Reform in his plural person:

An arduous and a mighty task is *ours*;  
Assist us, then, with more than mortal powers.

This request is rather exorbitant; to beg the aid of more than mortal powers, is to put in a pretty good petition; but poets, I suppose, when they are asking, think it best to ask enough. But let us proceed to see, after all this



“supernatural soliciting,” what are the great tasks to be performed :

Help us expiring Decency to save,  
And rescue sinking Virtue from the grave.

They come time enough for the one, but rather too late for the other. Decency was at her last gasp, but Virtue was dead and buried. This accounts for their craving more than mortal powers:—Expiring Decency being recoverable, was to be saved alive, but Virtue, being already in the grave, was to be *rescued*; and this was not to be done by summoning any *posse committatus* in this earth beneath.

It seems the Muse was very reluctant to inspire this poetical Satirist with any thing to the dispraise of Britain, and he informs his native land of this her latent partiality :

Fain would the Muse her duty here evade,  
Nor on thy glory cast the slightest shade.

It is natural to wish that Britain might have been suffered to profit by this reserve in her favour :

But ah ! it must not be. Great Truth requires  
That she should *quench* the dear and grateful fires.

And the obedient Muse, with a pair of church buckets, came and quenched the same accordingly.—And we are told, with a beautiful confusion of gender, that

—stern Morality indites *her* lay,  
*His* voice is sacred, and *she* must obey.

After this bright specimen of poetical talent, we can judge how well qualified this writer is to criticise the productions of others. It was the impudent and self-sufficient air with which the Poems of Lord Byron, a Minor, entitled “Hours of Idleness,” were noticed in that department of this work appropriated to the ridicule, or, as it is called, the *Review* of New Publications, that induced me to examine his pretensions to that superior judgment which he arrogates with so much self-complacency.

“His preface,” says the Satirist, “like his book, is stupid ; but it is dull stupidity : therefore, as we propose\* only to criticise laughable absurdities, we shall turn to his *poetical* performances.”

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\* This Reviewer should learn to write *English* : for *propose* he should have written *purpose*. I would advise him to satirize his own blunders, before he appears as a *corrector* in the literary world.

Charity, says the old proverb, begins at home; and if Satire were to follow the example, it might be often as usefully employed as in roaming abroad. If this flip-pant censor would turn to his own *poetical* performances, he would there find as many *laughable absurdities* as might well engross all his critical castigation.

Reviewing these poems of this youthful writer, they inform us that “the rhymes *thistle* and *whistle* are correct, but not elegant, and *Cressy* and *redress you*, are rather too ingenious for a serious poem, else indeed they are very facetious, for, had they not been tagged to the ends of two parallel lines, we should never even have surmised that they were intended to jingle.”—Now if the rhymes *thistle* and *whistle* are correct, though not elegant, it is a merit which cannot be allowed to such rhymes as *warm'd* and *alarm'd*, *come* and *home*, *blood* and *good*, which are very far from being even correct, and have not the most remote claim to elegance. Though this great satirical critic might never have surmised that *Cressy* and *redress you* were intended to jingle, it must have been quite as difficult for him to surmise (had he not penned the lines himself?) that *public good* and *pursued*, were written with the same harmonious intention.

It would be well if all the Minors of the present age, who have so much opulent leisure, would employ their “Hours of Idleness” with as much credit to themselves as this young nobleman has done; there would not then be that deficiency of distinguished talents in that honourable order of society to which he belongs, which is at present much more conspicuous than it ought to be.

If this writer fancies that his vulgar impudence is to pass with the public for SATIRE, or his ignorant flippancy for *reviewing*, he will find himself, to use his own elegant language, “confoundedly mistaken.”

There is nothing deserves more severely the lash of ridicule than the modern catch-penny mode of circulating abuse and nonsense, by fronting the title-page with a caricature, for the purpose of catching the eye. This seems, for the present, to be *all the rage*, and the *Satirist* is designed for the purpose of profiting by this folly, as long as it lasts. It must eke out its pages of letter press with plenty of invective, and that must be bestowed upon whatever has excited public attention, in order that the censor may by those means share somewhat

of that notice which the subject of his stupid ribaldry has procured.

I have no leisure to continue these remarks further at present, but I shall probably resume them another opportunity.

A CRITIC.

## THE ARTS.

No. XI.

### THE LATE GEORGE ROMNEY, Esq.

*[The Errors in former Accounts are here corrected.]*

THE name of Romney, from its honourable mention in the works of our bards, will never be forgotten till the extinction of the English language; and it is gratifying to observe the sister Arts thus aiding each other in their efforts to exalt and ennoble mankind. But, independent of this, his own merits will preserve him from oblivion, till some unaccountable, though not unprecedented, revolution shall cause the age of refinement to give way to that of ignorance and barbarity.

George Romney, (whose father was a cabinet-maker, and possessed of considerable mechanical abilities,) was born at Dalton, near Ulverstone, in 1734.

Like his contemporary Opie, he first evinced his genius by rude sketches in chalk, principally of aged persons, many of which, from their excellent resemblance, afforded considerable amusement to his rustic companions.

It is among the affectations of some minds to consider the relation of events like these as trifling and ridiculous; but I must confess I think it a dignified and interesting study to observe the human genius from its first faint dawnings to its meridian splendour, and to mark the minute gradations by which it arrives at superior excellence.

His father was encumbered with a large family, George being the second of ten brothers, (one of whom had no common merit as a poet, though his indolence or diffidence prevented him from ever publishing,) yet he was still determined to educate his son in an art for which he was evidently formed, and with this intention he bound him to a portrait painter then residing in Kendal.

He had not remained with this man a year, before he



so far surpassed him, that his father found it to his advantage to purchase the remainder of his time; and, thus left to his own inclinations, he completed several paintings of superior merit previous to leaving his native county.

About his twenty-second year, uncultivated in his manners and appearance, he first visited the metropolis, with the express intention of exhibiting his picture of Wolfe, which, from some trifling oversight in the costume, did not receive the distinction to which it was otherwise entitled; it however obtained the second prize, and was afterwards disposed of for a considerable sum.

His fame, from this period, spread rapidly, and the subsequent events of his life are well known: he visited Italy, and viewed the works of her best masters with the enthusiasm which, in a mind like his, they would naturally inspire.

He died in December, 1802, in his sixty-eighth year, and was buried in the church of his native village.

I am personally acquainted with few particulars of his private character, except his affection for his relations, and his carelessness in pecuniary affairs. There is no characteristic trait of genius which has been more frequently wondered at by unthinking vulgarity than this; but it is not at all astonishing that the mind enthusiastically devoted to a liberal pursuit, should be regardless of accumulating wealth, and merely consider it as the means by which some of the pleasures of life were to be obtained. But notwithstanding this, Romney was possessed, at the time of his death, of considerable property which, after the payment of some legacies to his several relatives, devolved to his son.

*Liverpool.*

W. M. T

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### DR. CHEYNE.

While some one was talking before this acute Scotchman of the excellence of Human Nature, "Hoot, hoot, mon," says he, "Human Nature is a rogue and a scoundrel, or why would it perpetually stand in need of laws and of religion?"

Dr. Cheyne's memory, independent of his medical and mathematical merit, should ever be held in veneration

by all wise and good men, for the golden rule of wisdom which he prescribed to himself (mentioned by Mr. Boswell in his entertaining tour to Scotland), and which unites the utmost acuteness of worldly wisdom with the most exalted sense of religion :

“ To neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified I should die within the day ; nor to mind any thing that my secular duties and obligations demanded of me, less than if I had been ensured to live fifty years more.”

“ Religious persons,” say the Messieurs de Port Royal, “ are apt in worldly matters to do too little for themselves, to act without sufficient consideration, and then, by way of correcting themselves, and excusing themselves to others, to impute the necessary ill consequences of their imprudent and foolish conduct to the decrees of Providence. Men of the world in general are slower in deciding, and weigh in a nicer balance what effects their actions may produce, without reference to religious obligation, and perhaps succeed better in the present system of things. They are, therefore, in Scripture, said to be wiser than the children of light.”

#### MELANGE.

No. VIII.

*Chacun à son gout.*

SIR GEORGE ROOKE.—When this brave admiral was making his will, some friends, who were present, expressed their surprize that he had not more to leave. “ Why, said the worthy veteran, I do not leave much, but what I do leave was honestly acquired ; it never cost a sailor a tear, or my country a farthing.”

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE—was so sensible of the *felicity* which is to be found in courts and politics, that he was frequently accustomed to say,---“ Happy is the nobleman who has five thousand livres a year, and does not know me !”

ADMIRAL PASLEY.---When the admiral, whose leg was taken off by a shot in the glorious action of the 1st of June, was carrying down to the cock-pit, one of the tars met him, and hoped he had not lost his foot, he said, “ I have, Jack, but take care, don't you lose my flag before I come up again.”

## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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### PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

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*The Posthumous Works of Mrs. Chapone; containing her Correspondence with Mr. Richardson, a series of Letters to Miss Elizabeth Carter, and some fugitive Pieces. 8vo. 2 Vols. 8s. bds. Murray; 1807.*

Mrs. Chapone, whose posthumous works are here presented to the public, has, we have no doubt, long since introduced herself to the acquaintance of our female readers. Her Letters on the Mind, which were most favourably received by the public, obtained, and very deservedly, a rapid and extensive circulation, and we think it would not be affirming too much to say, that they have had a considerable influence in extending the knowledge and improving the manners of her sex. If they contain no great share of literary and scientific information, they point out the sources from which it may be best obtained; and they contain directions for purifying the taste and reforming the morals of her younger readers, from which they cannot fail to derive the most essential and lasting benefit.

This lady is an eminent and interesting instance of the degree of improvement to which the female mind may be carried by the unassisted energy of its own exertions. She has shewn how easily the most formidable obstacles may be overcome by resolute perseverance. Although left to herself under disadvantages that would have disheartened most persons, and lulled them into habits of idleness; yet she determined to improve and educate herself, notwithstanding every discouragement, and she applied herself to that purpose with a degree of industry that soon rewarded itself, and at length rendered her, what her very valuable writings manifest her to have been, an ornament to her sex and to society. The chief difficulty which threw itself in the way of her intellectual progress, may be collected from the following particulars of her life.



“ Besides the disadvantage of living in an age when female education was so little attended to, Miss Mulso (afterwards Mrs. Chapone) had some domestic discouragements to contend against. Her mother, who was a woman of uncommon beauty, and whose quickness of intellect was equal to her personal charms, was not without a proportionate share of vanity, and a consequent disposition to jealousy, naturally (or, in this instance it may be said unnaturally) attached to that vanity. Accustomed to be almost the sole object of admiration and flattery, in whatever society she entered, she felt unwilling to relinquish any portion of that incense which she had fed upon so long.

“ In her daughter she found, indeed, no rival of her beauty, but she discovered a competitor in talents, that even maternal affection did not teach her to yield to with complacency, and she was perhaps more tempted to withhold, than to bestow the assistance and instruction that she was so well qualified to afford her.

“ Let not this account unguardedly injure the memory of this, otherwise, really excellent woman. She had many admirable qualities to counterbalance this one unfortunate weakness; and, even for this some allowance must be made, from the excessive indulgence of an adoring husband, and a continued course of ill health, which together contributed to alter and sour a disposition originally amiable and respectable.”

We confess ourselves not disposed to speak so indulgently of a weakness at once so criminal and so contemptible. The editors of these posthumous works may mingle the softness of family affection with their feelings of disapprobation in this instance. This, for them, may be a sufficient apology; but when such details come before the public, we do not feel ourselves justified in permitting such conduct to pass without the reproach it most severely deserves. Having said thus much, we shall proceed to observe on the literary taste and judgment of that daughter, whose early genius was thus neglected and repressed.

In her correspondence with the celebrated Miss Carter we discover all that happy ease, and lively freedom, which charm in epistolary writing. Her letters manifest a zeal for truth and virtue, disengaged alike from sour austerity, and sectarian enthusiasm; her religion is that of practical christianity, and her sentiments upon it are those of a woman of sense and piety.

Letter-writing seems to admit a more easy and careless chain of criticism, than the judgment perhaps might sanction in more deliberate and important productions, otherwise we should oppose our judgment most strongly to the opinion given of the admirable Night Thoughts of Dr. Young in an epistle to Miss Carter.

“ I am reading Dr. Young’s Night Thoughts, I must own, with great labour both of mind and tongue. Every word you say against my Mr. Richardson, I will revenge myself for upon your Dr. Young. Yet I admire his thoughts, and revere him as a philosopher and a man, only I cannot help lamenting that he should have blundered so egregiously as to fancy himself a poet. Sure never was sense so entangled as his. Instead of the flowers of language, his thoughts are wrapt up in thorns and thistles. I am sure it has cost me much toil and pain to untwist them; and, to say the truth, I do like them as I do gooseberries, well enough when they are picked for me, but not well enough to gather them. Yet, upon the strength of your recommendation, I think I am resolved to go through with them, though my tongue is already sore; for you must know I always read aloud here. If ever you read one of his Thoughts aloud, pity my tongue! But, in good earnest, don’t you think, he should have left off with the fourth Night? which I own is very fine. Don’t you think the fifth and sixth sink terribly after it? I am afraid you will despise me for speaking thus of your favourite author, and, to appease you, I will own that I think he has many extreme fine thoughts, and some few fine lines; but his numbers are in general so much the reverse of tuneful, and his language so affectedly obscure, nay, in some places, so absolutely unintelligible to me, that I think upon the whole, of what I have read, (that is of the first six nights) I cannot admire the work; but have been oftener disgusted and tired with it than pleased.”

That there are many passages of declamatory dignity and many of abstruse diction in this great poet is certainly true. But whose writings can we name in which some defect may not be found? The beautiful vein of moral and religious sublimity which runs through the Night Thoughts, displays a mind in which occasional defects may be pardoned. The spirit which pervades them, the fire and animation which they exhibit, the masculine vigour of genius which they manifest, must ever endear them to

all persons of true genius and genuine taste. The author does not often fall below others, though he sometimes falls below himself. When Miss Carter reprobated the tedious prolixity of Richardson, she evinced a more correct and cultivated judgment, than was manifested by Miss Mulso, in her impatient reprehension of Dr. Young.

On some occasions, however, the criticisms and observations of this fair writer, seem more judicious than those of her accomplished and learned correspondent; we could instance this on the subject of Fielding's *Amelia*, of which work her opinion is much less favourable, but much more just than that of Miss Carter. We trust the following extract will justify this remark.

“ I am extremely obliged to you for gratifying my curiosity with your reason for speaking so favourably of *Amelia*, though, at the same time, I am not a little mortified to find that I cannot assent to all you say. I am afraid that I have less mercy in my disposition than you, for I cannot think with so much lenity of the character of Booth, which, though plainly designed as an amiable one by the author, is, in my opinion, contemptible and wicked. “ Rather frail than wicked!” dear Miss Carter! that is what I complain of, that Fielding contrives to gloss over gross and monstrous faults in such a manner, that even his virtuous readers shall call them frailties. How bad may be the consequence of such representations to those who are interested in the deception, and glad to find that their favourite vices are kept in countenance by a character which is designed to engage the esteem and good wishes of the reader.”

There is in these letters a fund of vivacity and sound sense, with much acute remark, and many valuable sentiments and instructive observations. It was with pain and regret we perused the account of those afflictive deprivations which sorrowed the close of the amiable writer's life. The premature decay of the human mind; strength shrinking into weakness, and its vigour subsiding into imbecility—this is indeed, at all times, a sad and humiliating spectacle. Mrs. Chapone's mind was enervated, and her spirits broken by losses of a nature which we have all more or less reason to deplore.

“ The autumns of 1797 and 1798 she spent at the Deanery of Winchester, when, besides the gratification she always experienced from the company and kindness of the admirable friend she there visited, she had the su-



preme satisfaction of seeing her favourite niece very happily settled, with a worthy and excellent husband, the Rev. Benjamin Jeffreys, who was a fellow of the College of that city. The last of these visits was rendered peculiarly agreeable to her, by having the addition of her beloved brother to partake in her pleasure, as he at the same time passed some weeks at the house of his niece.

“ This was the last season of enjoyment that Mrs. Chapone was ever blessed with. Affliction now approached her, that even her constancy was not proof against. In the beginning of February 1799, this dear brother, her constant companion, friend and protector, was seized with an unexpected and violent disorder, of which he died, after a fortnight's severe suffering.

“ This was a calamity Mrs. Chapone had never calculated upon. Though some years older than herself, Mr. Mulso had always enjoyed so much better health, and appeared so likely to attain a vigorous old age, that she had never allowed herself to contemplate the prospect of surviving him.

“ The world now contained but little to attach her to it, London nothing; but the same laudable resolution, thankfully to cherish the few blessings still within her reach, that was the guide of all her actions, made her determine upon settling at Winchester. There she hoped that the attentions of her niece, the unalterable friendship of Mrs. Ogle, and the society of several families by whom she was equally respected and admired, might, in some measure, contribute to brighten again the overclouded evening of her days, and cause the short remainder of her life to pass in tolerable ease and comfort. She however awaited the approaching confinement of her niece, before she finally arranged this plan, and that was destined to put an end to it for ever; for this amiable child of her affections, this last treasure she possessed, was also torn from her, after giving birth to a dead child, the March following.”\*

“ This event, together with the removal of the dean

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\* We would suggest to the editors to alter the collocation of the above passage, should these volumes reach a second edition, which we do not doubt they will. It should stand thus: “ was also torn from her in the March following, after giving birth to a dead child;” at present her niece whose death she so much deplored, is made to give birth to a dead child the March following. ED.

and Mrs. Ogle to their family seat in Northumberland, made her relinquish all thought of a residence at Winchester, and she meekly submitted to remain in her cheerless lodgings in London.

“ Her piety and her patience were still unshaken, but her mind yielded to the effect of those severe shocks. ‘ Reason tottered on her seat.’ Her memory became visibly and materially impaired, and her body was so much affected by the sufferings of her mind, that she soon sank into a state of alarming debility.

“ Thus miserably circumstanced, she had still, however, the grateful consolation to find that the respectable circle of friends with whom she had been used to associate, and who remembered the pleasure her shining talents had formerly afforded them, forsook her not now when their lustre was faded.

“ The most strenuous endeavours were exerted to render her situation less deplorable. As the increased expences of the times gave room to apprehend she might have difficulties of another nature to encounter, even pecuniary aid was not withheld, and the most delicately offered contributions, prevented her feeling sensible of this additional source of distress.

“ Though at times she was so lost as to be unconscious of the presence of her friends, at others, nature seemed to revive within her, and she would occasionally astonish them, with even brilliant sallies of her genuine vivacity.

“ In October 1801, Mrs. Chapone completed her 74th year. On the Christmas day following, without any previous illness, having declared herself unusually well the day before, she fell into a doze from which nothing could arouse her, and which the medical gentleman who attended her, immediately pronounced to be the forerunner of death ; and at eight o’clock in the evening, without one apparent struggle or sigh, she breathed her last.”

The memoirs which intersperse her posthumous works, impressed us with a very favourable opinion of the heart, as well as the understanding, of Mrs. Chapone; those who have been pleased and edified with her ‘ Letters on the Improvement of the Female Mind,’ will peruse with interest what is here related of the life and character of their author.

*An Abridgment of the Light of Nature pursued, By Abraham Tucker, Esq. originally published in Seven Volumes, under the name of Edward Search, Esq. London; Johnson, 8vo. 12s. bds. 1807.*

Dr. Johnson used to say of the writings of Tucker, that he never took them up but they taught him something which he did not know before. Such an acknowledgment from one so distinguished, is no slight praise. To this eulogium may be added the character given of this work by Mr. Paley, in the preface to his Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy. "There is one work" says this valuable writer "to which I owe so much, that it would be ungrateful not to confess the obligation. I mean the writings of the late Abraham Tucker, esquire; part of which were published by himself, and the remainder since his death, under the title of—'The LIGHT of NATURE PURSUED, by Edward Search, esq.'—I have found in this writer more original thinking and observation, upon the several subjects that he has taken in hand, than in any other, not to say than in all others, put together. His talent also for illustration is unrivalled. But his thoughts are diffused through a long, various, and irregular work."—It is this diffusion and prolixity which has occasioned the present abridgment, in which the dispersed excellencies of this philosophical work are concentrated, its redundancies lopped, and its repetitions omitted; and the whole is reduced into one instructive and valuable volume. The public are indebted to the pains taken in this abridgment, which is executed with all that judgment in selection, which might be expected from one who knows so well how such a task should be performed. We cannot better describe the manner in which he has acquitted himself than in his own words.

"All the singular observations, all the fine illustrations, I have given nearly in an entire state to the reader; I was afraid to touch them lest I should spoil them. The rule that I went by was, to give every thing that I thought would strike the attention in reading the work itself, and to leave out every thing (except what was absolutely necessary to the understanding of the subject) that would be likely to make no lasting impression on the mind. A good abridgment ought to contain just as much as we would wish to recollect of a book: it should give back (only in a more perfect manner) to a reader well ac-



quainted with the original "the image of the mind," so that it would miss no favourite passage, none of the prominent parts or distinguishing features of the work."

The reader will find the present abridgment to contain all that the above judicious and sensible observations would lead him to expect. The present editor evinces himself to be a man of sound judgment, accustomed to abstract research, and fully able to appreciate the merits of Dr. Tucker, as a writer and a metaphysician. His preface, which is written with the freedom of one accustomed to composition, contains many acute and original remarks; He does not seem to think Dr. Tucker ever brought his theological tenets to the test of a very severe examination, and there is much in his writings that justify this opinion: most men imbibe sentiments in early life, which they ever afterwards adhere to, not because they know them to be true, but because they have never suspected them to be false. "I can conceive" says this editor in his preface "that a person may all his life live in the belief of a certain notion, without suspecting the contrary, yet, that if the case could be put to him, to declare his opinion freely, to the best of his judgment, for that, if he were mistaken, his life must answer for it, he would instantly find by what slender threads his former opinion hung."---This is justly observed, but what follows is not so correct: "Common complaisance, or good nature, or personal regard, may lead me to give credit to, and defend the truth of a story told by a friend, which yet, if I were put to my oath, I could not do. So that in fact, we very often believe that to be true, which we *know* to be false"---This conclusion is certainly false, nor does it at all follow from the premises. We may believe the statement of a friend to be true, although we could not, if called upon, confirm it ourselves upon oath, and for this plain reason, because we have not the evidence which he had, and therefore, though we may credit his relation of the fact, it is for him, and not for us, to swear to it. As to the inference, that we in fact very often believe that to be true, which we know to be false; it is a contradiction so irreconcilable to common sense, that it is not deserving of serious refutation.---But leaving the preface, we will pass on to the work itself.

The first chapter is on the faculties of the mind. It contains much originality of observation; the allusions are happy, and the illustrations simple and impressive.

In the hands of Mr. Tucker the most abstruse subject seems divested of its perplexity ; he explains his subject with all the felicity of a man that understands it himself, and who therefore never fails to make it understood by others.

He considers the human mind as possessed of one power, the will, and one capacity, the understanding.

“ If we attend” says he “ to the discourses of men, we shall find a great deal of confusion in the use of these terms. Understanding is generally applied to the knowledge, skill, or judgment, resulting from experience in particular things, as when we speak of understanding a language, of a divine understanding the scriptures, or a lawyer the statutes. But the faculty itself is the same in all these cases. When we improve or enlarge our understanding by learning, we produce no alteration in our capacity, for that we must take as nature gave it us.”

But surely, it is incorrect to affirm that the enlargement of the understanding produces no alteration in our capacity. Is not memory or the capacity of remembrance, capable of improvement ? Whenever any given faculty is strengthened by exercise, is not the capacity augmented ? We confess that these appear to us to be convertible propositions.

Chapter the second treats of action ; it is short, but the observations contained in it, deserve, for the most part, to be reconsidered. Among other are the following :

“ I shall not pretend to calculate how many actions we may perform in any given space of time, but certainly the motions of the mind are very quick. When upon finding yourself very hot and thirsty you snatch up a glass of water to drink, if, after you have got it half way up, you espy a wasp floating on the surface, you thrust it instantly back, which shews that one volition is not sufficient to lift your hand to your mouth, for you see the mind may take a contrary turn in that little interval.” But the case here put does not prove that one volition is not sufficient for this purpose ; all that it proves is this, that this one volition, though otherwise sufficient, may be suddenly suspended or destroyed by a different or contrary volition.

“ Mr. Locke” says this writer, “ divides action into positive exertion, and forbearance, which last, he seems to think, requires the interposition of the will, as much as the former. But I cannot readily understand, how a

mere forbearance to act, is any exercise of our active power at all. What we call forbearance, I apprehend to be, generally, a chain of some other action."

This conception of it, is as objectionable as Mr. Locke's, and on the same ground. Forbearance may *arise* from a choice of some other action, but cannot be said *to be* such.

In the chapter on Motives, it is remarked that "our motives fluctuate and change their colour perpetually." This is not true of our motives generally, but of some only, and even in these instances the motives themselves cannot so properly be said to *change*, as to lose or strengthen their influence; which arises either from the counteraction of other motives, or an abatement of our desire for the object, which produces a correspondent effect on our motives, which vary with the degree of excitement. "A thing we were extremely fond of at one time," it is added "we care not a pin for at another; what we admire this hour, we despise the next"---But this is rather a change of mind, than of motive. It is nothing more than the fluctuations of caprice, which is not influenced by any motive strong enough to fix the resolution to act decisively either way.

To say that "it does not lessen the real weight of a motive, that it does not operate when you will not let it come into the scale," is to affirm, in other words, that it does not lessen the real weight of a motive, that you will not suffer it to have any weight at all.

When the author proceeds to treat of the 'Trains of Ideas' he dismisses the subject in a manner that shews him to have revolved it frequently, and with much attention, in his mind; the reader will find many hints and observations that will greatly assist him in the investigation of this subject, if he has a turn for such disquisitions: but he will occasionally find, we fear, some passages that will give him more perplexity than information, for instance---

"When a young lady cuts a curious figure on paper, she gives no new position to the several parts, for they had the same situation with respect to one another before. Indeed, every sheet of paper contains all the figures that can ever be cut out of it, so that she spoils, instead of erecting; and for one figure she seems to make, she really destroys a thousand: nevertheless, she produces order and regularity, where there was none, only by snipping away the superfluities of the paper, from that



particular figure, and so leading the eye along the edges of it."

If we had not read this in so admirable a work as the 'Light of Nature pursued,' we should have really been very much inclined to have called it nonsense. It is one of those refinements too frequent in metaphysical discussions, in which common sense is lost in the mazes of paradox.

We could point out, as we proceed, much that is admirable, but we prefer to remark rather what we consider as exceptionable, a course we should not have pursued, had the work been less valuable. Its excellencies are numerous and striking; these will not easily escape attention; we have chosen to examine its occasional errors and defects, because these, being less obvious, may mislead the judgment of such readers as may unwarily, and without examination, adopt them.

[To be continued.]

*Poems, chiefly amatory, by David Carey, Author of the Pleasures of Nature; Reign of Fancy, &c. &c. 8vo. London; Vernor and Hood; 1807.*

'In treating of "Love and Love's disport" instruction seems to be out of the case'--. Thus says this *eloquent* Bard in his preface, and we give him credit for the assertion. But if instruction be *out of the case*, something of good exchangeable value ought to be *in it*, otherwise the reader of all this amatory sing-song is robbed of his time, and the buyer of it throws away his money. Now there is really nothing in these poetical effusions which has not been given us in the amorous ditties of every Damon and Delia who have chosen to record their *loves* in the republic of letters; the same doubts and despair; the same kissings and embracings, except perhaps that these have the advantage in point of *heat*:

"Thou know'st how we lov'd when the curfew-bell tolling  
Bid us haste to the shade of the wild-wood alcove,  
To gaze on thy moist eye that wildly was rolling,  
And kneel at the shrine that was sacred to love.

And there how I lov'd on thy red lips to dwell,  
And think O how sweet it were thus to expire!  
But what were they, love, when we murmur'd farewell?  
They were *kisses of fire, my love, kisses of fire!*"

This must have been a warm greeting!!! But why will not these amorous poets limit their felicity to the enjoyment of their rapturous visions, the same similitudes, comparisons, and circumlocutions, without carrying all

this love and wild-fire to the press. If, forsaking their attics they have the good fortune 'on red lips *to dwell*,' let them enjoy their lodgings, be moderate and be grateful. But to turn poets on the occasion, and tell the world of these rapturous affairs, in flat verse and foolish rhyme--this is really turning their favours to bad account!

Among the choice variety of this poetical entertainment, we have a maiden dirge which bids so eloquent an adieu to 'Billy dear' that it is quite pathetic;

'Farewell, farewell, my Billy dear!' &c.

Judging by the measure, and by the poetry, we should suppose it to have been penned by

———'The maiden all forlorn  
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn.'

It is truly worthy of that disconsolate damsel, let who will lay claim to the honour of it.

We cannot take leave of this unchaste and flimsy writer, without thanking him for the perusal of his productions; it has served to fill up the measure of our contempt for such amatory nonsense; and so far we have been benefited.

*The Mis-led General; a serio-comic, satiric, mock-heroic Romance. By the Author of the Rising Sun. 8vo. London. Oddy; 1808.*

It is really difficult for any man of sound mind to suppress his indignation, when he sees such stupid ribaldry as this obtain any thing like a favourable reception from the public. If the reader expects to find any thing more for his money than the caricature frontispiece, value about one penny, he will be much disappointed. One hundred and ninety six pages, of more worthless trash, he could not pick up at any book-sale within the bills of mortality. But so it is. If any person or event excites peculiar attention in the political world, some hungry garreter is always ready to seize the subject, and to spin out of it some such catch-penny as this "Serio-comic, satiric, mock-heroic Romance." A few anecdotes of the great, picked up through the medium of an acquaintance scraped in their servants hall, is retailed to the public, by these scavengers of literature, in the pages of some *satirical* novel, poem, or romance; and the libellous

tittle-tattle of the Butler's table, is served up to the public in the attractive shape of *Secret History*.

The aim of the present writer is to turn to account the ill-success of a late attack, fresh in every one's memory; and he proceeds in the usual way, by producing the given quantity of stupid abuse, mixed up with the requisite portion of libellous vulgarity. This done 'the charm's wound up' or in other words, the catch-penny is complete.

We will present the reader with a short specimen of this work, that if he has not already seen it, he may be withheld from throwing away his time on the perusal, or his money in the purchase of such disgusting trash. Chapter the twelfth commences thus:

"We do not mean to insinuate that a person of our hero's *high* birth and rank, can be so unpolished as to betray any symptoms of the *mauvaise honte* before the world; but there is a certain degree of sheepishness attending the undertaking any thing above our strength or genius (perhaps implanted by nature to curb our headstrong ambition) which will break out at some unguarded moment. It was in one of those moments that our hero, as he was drinking a batch of burgundy with the *Squire* his brother---for want of better employment---began to curse Dame Fortune for a slippery, eel-like b---.

"Come, come, Fred" cried George "you have very little cause to complain of her I am sure. She has made you the *third* man of the *first Manor* in the world---let the world say what it will. As Fortune, therefore, has the merit of all your advantages, throw your disadvantages upon her shoulders, and let her bear the blame of your being no soldier---"

Without the assistance of a key, the reader, if he is very deep sighted, may find out that *Fred* is no other than Frederick Duke of York, and *George* his royal brother the prince. What personages of less note could this writer deign to introduce in his "Serio-comic, satiric, mock-heroic Romance!"---We had intended to have lengthened the above extract, but really our patience would not hold out.



*An Account of the Life and Writings of David Hume, Esq. By Thomas Edward Ritchie. London; 8vo. 7s. Cadell and Davies; 1807.*

We never remember any writer whose fame filled an equal space, that gave to posterity a life more barren of incident, than David Hume. His early days manifested nothing from which his future celebrity might be anticipated; nor was any part of his progress chequered by those misfortunes which too often depress the energies of genius. The public, indeed, did not at first receive his productions with that avidity which might have flattered his vanity as a writer. He must have been greatly mortified by the slow sale of his history, at its first appearance, and still more by the almost entire neglect of his metaphysical discussions. He by no means gained either an early or an easy admittance into the circle of the Literati. There are few authors who can speak of their careless treatment with less candour than Mr. Hume in the account which he himself gives of the reception of his first performance. "Never literary attempt," says he, "was more unfortunate than my *Treatise on Human Nature*: it fell, still-born, from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots."

It must not, in general, be expected that any work on such a topic will be either very rapidly or very extensively circulated. Metaphysical disquisitions are in general too abstract either to interest or to edify the mass of mankind. The celebrity of a name will sometimes make such productions popular; but even in this case they will in general be more widely praised than read, and perhaps more widely read than understood.

"Mr. Hume, it has been stated," says his present biographer, "formed the plan of his *Treatise* while he was at college; and although, from the very imperfect manner in which it was executed, a severe critic might be inclined to condemn the presumption of a stripling, in thus venturing to enter the lists with a formidable body of metaphysicians, whose elaborate works were the matured productions of advanced life, it must be

confessed, that the boldness of the undertaking was worthy of the future reputation of the author. That a lad of only twenty-seven years of age should fail in accomplishing a task which had baffled the labours of so many philosophers, eminent for their erudition and sagacity, cannot excite surprize. It would indeed have been a rare instance of early precocity, if he had succeeded in a branch of science in which even the primary rules of investigation have not been satisfactorily settled."

With the exception of his History of England, we have always considered the writings of Mr. Hume as having obtained eventually a much greater degree of celebrity than they are justly entitled to. There is an apparent acuteness in his reasoning when it is far from solid; and those who most applaud its shrewdness are in general those who are least qualified to detect its fallacy.

The commencement and termination of the friendship between this author and the celebrated Rousseau, is related in this volume at great length. The following circumstance deserves to be mentioned, as it was the origin of the rupture between them.

"The late Lord Orford, better known as Horace Walpole, happened to be at Paris while Hume resided there; and his turn for pleasantry led him to exercise it at the expence of poor Rousseau, in the following letter written in the name of the King of Prussia:

"My dear Jean Jacques,

"You have renounced Geneva, your native land. You have been driven from Switzerland, a country of which you have made such boast in your writings. In France you are outlawed; come then to me. I admire your talents, and amuse myself with your reveries, on which, however, by the way, you bestow too much time and attention. It is high time to grow prudent and happy. You have made yourself sufficiently talked of for singularities little becoming a truly great man: shew your enemies that you have sometimes common sense; this will vex them, without hurting you. My dominions offer you a peaceful retreat; I am desirous to do you good, and will do it, if you can but think it such. But, if you are obstinate in refusing my assistance, you

may expect that I shall not say a word about it to any one. If you persist in perplexing your brains to find out new misfortunes, chuse such as you like best. I am a king, and can make you as miserable as you can wish; and, what your enemies certainly never will, I will cease to persecute you, when you are no longer vain of persecution.

“ Your sincere friend,

“ FREDERICK.”

Rousseau, who soon detected this forged invitation from the Prussian monarch, resented it with great indignation; and suspecting, though with no sufficient reason, that Mr. Hume was concerned in the affair, he thenceforth began to change his opinion of him, and to speak of him in a manner very different from that to which, from his courtesy, and the strong proofs of friendship which he had manifested towards Rousseau, Mr. Hume was fully entitled.

This jest, however, did no credit to the head or to the heart of Lord Orford. To sport with the feelings of a man of genius, however eccentric the disposition of that man might be, in such a manner as was done on the present occasion, was not merely inconsiderate but inhuman. The resentful sentiments to which this deception gave rise, on the part of the philosopher of Geneva, occupy too great a portion of this volume.

The criticisms on the writings of this renowned sceptic are replete with sensible and just observations. His present biographer appears to have none of those weak and foolish prejudices, in favour of the subject of his memoirs, which might lead him to depart from truth, or apologize for error. He praises with caution, and censures with freedom. He does not ‘set down aught in malice;’ neither does he ‘extenuate,’ and his example well deserves to be imitated by those who follow him in this path of literature.

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## REVIEW OF MUSIC.

“’Tis nothing but Love,”

*A Favourite Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, composed by John Whitaker. Purday and Button. Price 1s. 6d.*

This ballad does not possess, nor does it need much, originality of thought; the passages are simple and pleasing, and they express well the sentiment of the words.

“Had I a cave on some far distant shore,”

*A Favourite Song, written by Robert Burns, composed, with Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by John Whitaker. Purday and Button. Price 1s. 6d.*

This is a more laboured production than the former, and, on the whole, we may pronounce it to be a successful adaptation of Burns' beautiful words to music. One fault we must notice. In the repetition of the last line, the accent is thrown on the word *to*, which produces a lame and disagreeable effect.

*Ten Solfeggis, composed by G. G. Ferrari. Birchall. Price 5s.*

How large is the number of persons that profess to teach singing, when compared with those who teach it well. It is a practice but too common among masters, who are on one hand deterred by the fear of rendering their lessons dull, and on the other impelled by the desire of enabling their pupils to make an early exhibition of their talents, to devote but little time to the first and most important part of the process necessary to form an accomplished singer, and that time, which ought to be employed in learning the essentials of the art, is frittered away in the acquirement of a string of unmeaning, and frequently vulgar ornaments. It has been our lot to hear even public singers labouring through a difficult division, or figuring off with a rapid cadence, who have, notwithstanding, been unable to read an easy song. In Italy the art of singing is taught by a much slower, and, consequently, a much surer process. M. Aprili's excellent solfeggis have contributed very essentially to extend this method amongst us. Mr. Ferrari, in the publication before us, which professes to be a sequel to Aprili, has given a very useful set of lessons, from the constant use of which, there are few singers who would not derive improvement. The solfeggis are ten in number; some are designed to facilitate the attainment of divisions, while others are well adapted to give steadiness and correctness to sostenuto passages. On the whole, we can recommend the work as completely calculated to answer the purpose for which the author designed it.

*"The Sailors' Glee,"*

*For Three Voices, taken from the glorious Battle off Trafalgar, with a Piano Forte or Harp Accompaniment, inscribed to E. Lloyd, Esq. by John Watlen. Price 3s.*

This glee is written in a bold and spirited stile, and might be introduced with very good effect in some of our modern entertainments, were it not put together in such open defiance of the plainest rules of composition. If Mr. Watlen does not know better, he would do well to study some elementary work on practical harmony; but if he is not ignorant, he is certainly extremely careless. We advise him, if he has any regard to his reputation as a composer, never again to send into the world so faulty a composition as that before us. Want of genius we are very frequently obliged to pardon, but want of correctness we cannot suffer to escape uncensured.

*"Dominion's Symbol; Or, The British Flag,"*

*Sung with the most unprecedented Applause by Mr. Slader, composed by M. P. Corri, the Words by Mr. Cross. Purday and Button. Price 1s.*

Now that it is the fashion to sing and say so much in the assertion of our right to the sovereignty of the seas, we have little doubt of this song being sung with "the most unprecedented applause." It is perfectly adapted, both as to words and music, to please John Bull in his present humour. To such gentlemen as want a song calculated to set the dinner-table in a roar, we can safely recommend "Dominion's Symbol."

*Four Favourite Airs, arranged for the Harp, and dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. Fane, by S. Dussek. Book IV. Birchall. Price 2s. 6d.*

The airs which M. Dussek has chosen, are "Durandate and Belerma," "Gramachree Molly," "Coolun," and "God preserve the Emperor." Of these we scarcely know which to prefer; they are all selected with judgment, and varied with that originality and elegance which the author is so well known to possess. We consider them as an important addition to our stock of harp music.

*"At Summer's Eve,"*

*A Song, from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," as sung by Mrs. Vaughan at Dr. Clement Smith's Concert, composed by Dr. Callcott. Birchall. Price 1s. 6d.*

The effect of the first movement of this song depends entirely upon a judicious management of the accompaniment, which, if well performed, is admirably calculated to bring out the beauties of the melody. The second movement is more simple, and, we doubt not, will be more generally pleasing. The arrangement of the song displays that masterly hand which, whenever Dr. Callcott chuses, he can so plainly and so powerfully discover.

*(Notices of musical publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.)*

## THE DRAMA.

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ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakespeare.*

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## THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

ALLOW an old-fashioned fellow to vent a few of his grumblings through the medium of your work. In the triumphant career of fashion and folly, I well know how difficult it is for common sense and reason to obtain a patient hearing; but, as I have observed a spirit of fairness and impartiality presiding over and directing the members of your *Cabinet*, I venture to hope that you will not refuse me a corner of one of your numbers.

I have for half a century been an enthusiastic admirer of the stage: I remember the career of Henderson, Barry, Garrick, Mrs. Pritchard, and the luminaries of that day; my taste was never a partial or exclusive one; I have sat with equal, though certainly very different delight, to see the acting of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons in *Lear* and *Jane Shore*, of Foote and Weston in the excellent farces of the former, or to hear the rich tones of Beard and Miss Brent in the music of Arne. Neither do I wish to withhold their share of praise from many of the present "tenants of the stage." I wish not to praise what is old, merely on account of its age, nor to detract from living merit, because it is open to the view of all. He who can come from either of our theatres, after witnessing the performance of a good play, judiciously cast, unamused or uninstructed, must be possessed of a most fastidious taste indeed. But, Sir, my reason for complaint is, not that we are without good performers, but that they are, in a great measure, deprived of the powers of displaying them. Our tragedians, I admit, have not so much reason to complain. Shakspeare is as much in fashion as ever, and as long as he continues so, they will possess the finest models on which to form their taste and to display their talents. But our comedians are in general wretchedly off; for farce and true comedy seem to be almost banished from the stage; a new sort of after-piece has been of late years introduced, which bids very fair wholly to expel and supersede farce. Last sea-



son, Sir, I was completely disgusted with "your monthly list of our dramatic exhibitions. Night after night, week after week, month after month, the folly of the town would relish nothing but *Mother Goose* : To make way for this despicable exhibition, were the works of Foote and Murphy laid on the shelf, and the managers appeared to have commissioned

" Great *Harlequin* to lay the ghost of wit :  
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,  
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway."

The new sort of mummery to which I have alluded above seems, early as it is in the present season, to have taken complete possession of both our theatres. Nothing now but melo-dramas will go down; *Ella Rosenberg* at Drury-lane, and the *Blind Boy* at Covent-garden, seem all the rage; and, when the babies of the town are tired with gaping at them, they will be removed only to make room for some other mongrel exhibition equally or perhaps even more contemptible. I well remember the outcry that was raised against David Garrick, and the ferment of the town on the introduction of his *Chinese Festival*, how all the wits and critics of the time abused him for insulting the taste of the public by such an exhibition; but, now-a-days, there's only now and then an old fellow like myself that ventures to call in question the taste of our managers, and he is pretty sure to get abused and laughed at for his pains. I will therefore say no more myself on the subject, but with your permission will extract a passage from Theophilus Cibber's *Dissertations*, in which he censures Garrick's introduction of pantomime and shew, in the place of "useful mirth or salutary woe." I heartily wish that our managers would read it, and I think they would confess themselves more guilty than ever poor David was of the charge which is here brought against him.

"Have we not," says Cibber, "had a greater number of those unmeaning fopperies, miscalled entertainments, than ever was known to disgrace the stage, within the last few years? Has not every year produced *one*\* of those patch-work pantomimes. These masquing mummeries, replete with ribaldry, buffoonery and nonsense, but void of invention, connection, humour, or

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\* Cibber says "one;" how many per year must we reckon now?

instruction? These *Arabian* kickshaws, or *Chinese* festivals; these .... call them what you please, as any one silly name may suit them all alike; these mockeries of sense; these larger puppet-shews; these idle amusements, for children and holiday fools, as ridiculously gaudy as the glittering pageantry of a pastry-cook's shop on a Twelfth Night. Could he plead necessity for this introduction of theatrical abuse, this infamy of the stage, this war upon wit, in behalf of folly and ignorance? No; encouragement has not been wanting to establish the theatre on a reputable foundation without these despicable auxiliaries. But avarice is ever in haste to increase its store; it never stays to consider what is most *laudable*, when what may prove most *profitable* is the question. In consequence of this, what large rewards have been given to the compilers of these interludes, stolen from the stale night-scenes of Sadler's Wells and Bartholomew Fair; such rewards as would have satisfied some authors of merit for as many good plays. More money is squandered on one of these foolish farces, than, judiciously laid out, would decorate three or four tragedies or comedies, in the bringing forward of which, the time (lost on the other) might be more eligibly employed."

Such, Sir, was the indignant language of Cibber; what he would have said, had he seen the present vitiated and disgraced state of the stage, your readers may easily conjecture.

I remain, Sir,

Your sincere well-wisher,

OLIVER OLDSTOCK.

December 12, 1807.

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"A BRIEF SUPPLEMENT TO COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.  
his Lives of the late famous Actors and Actresses. By  
Anthony Vulgò Tony Aston. Printed for the Author,  
[no date.]"\*

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\* To the copy from which we borrow these curious articles the following *memoranda* are prefixed by the late Mr. Isaac Reed.

1769.—This pamphlet contains several circumstances concerning the performers of the last century, which are no where else to be found. It seems never to have been published.

[*Motto, si tu scis, melior ego.*]

*Advertisement.*—Mr. Cibber is guilty of omissions, that he hath not given us any description of the several personages' beauties, or faults---Faults (I say) of the several actors, &c. for

*Nemo sine crimine vivit.*

Or, as the late Duke of Buckingham says of *characters*, that, to shew a man not defective,

—were to draw  
A faultless monster that the world ne'er saw.]

#### MR. BETTERTON.

Mr. BETTERTON (although a superlative good actor) laboured under ill figure, being clumsily made, having a great head, a short thick neck, stooped in the shoulders, and had fat short arms, which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach.---His left hand frequently lodged in his breast, between his coat and waistcoat, while, with his right, he prepared his speech. His actions were few, but just. He had little eyes, and a broad face, a little pock-fretten, a corpulent body, and thick legs, with large feet.---He was better to meet than to follow; for his aspect was serious, venerable, and majestic; in his latter time a little paralytic. His voice was low and grumbling; yet he could tune it by an artful *climax*, which enforced universal attention, even from the *fops* and *orange-girls*. He was incapable of dancing, even in a country-dance; as was Mrs. Barry: but their good qualities were more than equal to their deficiencies. While Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE sung very agreeably in the *loves* of *Mars* and *Venus*, and danced in a country-dance as well as Mr. WILKS, though not with so much art and foppery, but like a well bred gentlewoman. Mr. Betterton was the most extensive actor, from *Alexander* to *Sir John Falstaff*; but, in that last character, he wanted the waggery of ESTCOURT, the *drollery* of HARPER, and sallaciousness of JACK EVANS. But, then, *Estcourt* was too trifling; *Harper* had too much of the *Bartholomew-Fair*; and *Evans* misplaced his humour. Thus, you see what *flaws* are in *bright diamonds*:---and I have often wished that Mr. Betterton would have resigned the part of *Hamlet* to some young actor. (who might have personated,

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Easter Monday, 1795—Though I have now possessed this pamphlet 25 years, it is remarkable that I never have seen another copy of it.

J. R.



though not have acted, it better) for when he threw himself at *Ophelia's* feet he appeared a little too grave for a young student, lately come from the university of *Wurtemberg*; and his *repartees* seemed rather as *apophthegms* from a *sage philosopher*, than the *sporting flashes* of a young *HAMLET*; and no one else could have pleased the town, he was so rooted in their opinion. His younger contemporary, (*Betterton* 63, *Powell* 40 years old) *POWELL*, attempted several of *Betterton's* parts, as *Alexander*, *Jaffier*, &c. but lost his credit; as, in *Alexander*, he maintained not the dignity of a king, but *Out-Heroded Herod*; and in his poisoned mad scene, *out-raved all probability*; while *Betterton* kept his passion under and shewed it most (as fume smoaks most when stifled). *Betterton*, from the time he was dressed, to the end of the play, kept his mind in the same temperament and adapt-ness, as the present character required. If I was to write of him all day, I should still remember fresh matter in his behalf, and, before I part with him, suffer this facetious story of him, and a country tenant of his.

*Mr. Betterton* had a small farm near *Reading*, in the county of *Berks*, and the countryman came, in the time of *Bartholomew-Fair*, to pay his rent. *Mr. Betterton* took him to the fair, and going to one *Crawley's Puppets*, offered *Two Shillings* for himself and *Roger*, his tenant. *No, no, Sir*, said *Crawley*; *we never take money of one another.\** This affronted *Mr. Betterton*, who threw down the money, and they entered. *Roger* was hugely diverted with *Punch*, and bred a great noise; saying, that he would drink with him, for he was a merry fellow. *Mr. Betterton* told him he was only a puppet, made up of *sticks and rags*: however, *Roger* still cried out, that he would go and drink with *Punch*. When master took him behind, where the puppets hung up, he swore he thought *Punch* had been alive. *However*, said he, though *he be but sticks and rags*, *I'll give him sixpence to drink my health*. At night, *Mr. Betterton* went to the theatre, when was played the *Orphan*; *Mr. Betterton* acting *Castalio*; *Mrs. Barry*, *Monimia*. Well (said Master) *how dost like this play, Roger?* *Why I don't know*, (says *Roger*) *its well enough for sticks and rags*.

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\* This Anecdote has been told of *Garrick* and others. Ed.

To end with this *Phœnix* of the stage, I must say of him, as *Hamlet* does to his father: "He was a man (take him for all in all) I cannot look upon his like again."

(*To be continued.*)

### THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.

ON the 12th of December Miss Brunton, of Covent Garden Theatre, was married to the Earl of Craven. As admirers of the stage, and strenuous advocates for its respectability, we cannot but express our sincerest delight at the exaltation of this amiable and deserving young lady.

It is another lift for the profession, which, though distinguished by talents as splendid as ever dignified and adorned any other, seems still destined to encounter the prejudices of the ignorant, and the contempt of the proud. We are aware that in many instances the professors themselves, not feeling a proper respect for their own characters, have contributed in no small degree to the degradation of their art. It is worthier a better fate; and we shall ever rejoice at any circumstance which seems calculated to promote its just and genuine dignity. The elevation of Miss Brunton must necessarily conduce to this end. It is the reward of amiable manners and virtuous conduct; and may probably operate as an incentive to other females to preserve, amidst all the examples [there are yet too many of them] of depravity and vice in theatrical life, that deportment and those principles which can alone entitle them to distinction and respect. We rejoice, therefore, at this marriage, as it affects the stage in general; we rejoice at it, as it may tend to excite loftier sentiments, and a purer system of morality, among the females in that profession; and, more particularly, we feel pleasure at the elevation of Miss Brunton to the peerage, because, independently of the attractions of her person, we believe that her good sense, her virtuous feelings, her unaffected character, and her noble disposition, will do honour to the rank which she now holds in society, instead of detracting any thing from it.

There are few instances of this kind on theatrical record. Miss Fenton, the originally *Polly* in the *Beggar's Opera*, became Duchess of Bolton; but her arrival at

that dignity was precluded by sacrifices not made (we are sorry to say) at the shrine of virtue.

Of the Countess of Derby "the story is recent." She merited her rank; and she now shines one of the most accomplished among the accomplished of our female nobility. The last appearance of Miss Farren on the stage, preparatory to her nuptials, was publicly announced. We were present on the night of her retirement; and shall here quote the remarks we made on that occasion. She played *Lady Teazle*.

"The anxiety of the public to see the last of this delightful actress was so great, that the theatre was crowded soon after the doors opened. Towards the conclusion of the play, Miss Farren appeared to be much affected, and when Mr. Wroughton came forward to speak the lines hereafter quoted, her emotions increased to such a degree, that she was under the necessity of receiving support from Mr. King. The fall of the curtain was attended with repeated bursts of applause, not unmingled with feelings of regret for the loss of such an actress, and such a woman, now in the zenith of her charms, and while her dramatic reputation is higher than ever. The profession she has just quitted will acquire a respectability from her exaltation (such are the prejudices of the world,) which no talents, however brilliant or extraordinary, could procure for it; but let it be said also that the *character* of Miss Farren, private as well as public, is the genuine source of this respectability; and that rank alone, unsupported by real worth, would serve to render it infamous rather than illustrious. The farewell address was as follows, written by Mr. Sheridan:

But ah! this night adieu the mirthful mien,  
When Mirth's lov'd favourite quits the mimic scene!  
Startled Thalia would assent refuse,  
But Truth and Virtue sued, and won the Muse.  
Aw'd by sensations it could ill express,  
Tho' mute the tongue, the bosom feels not less:  
Her *speech* your kind indulgence oft has known,  
Be to her *silence* now that kindness shewn;  
Ne'er from the mind th' endear'd record will part,  
But live the proudest feeling of a grateful heart.

Miss Farren's last characters were, March 30th, 1797, *Violante*; April 1st. *Maria*, in the *Citizen*; 3rd. *Estifania*; 4th. *Susan*, in the *Follies of a Day*; 6th. *Bissarre*, in the *Inconstant*; and on the 8th, (her last night) *Lady Teazle*."



With similar sentiments, and from the same motives, we hail the advancement of the **COUNTESS OF CRAVEN**.

Miss Louisa Brunton is the sixth daughter of John Brunton, Esq. for many years the proprietor of the Norwich company of Comedians, and now of the Brighton theatre; sister to the celebrated actress of the same name (afterwards Mrs. Merry, Mrs. Wignell, and now Mrs. Warren) at present in America; and to Mr. Brunton, of Covent Garden. She was born at Bath, in February, 1785.

Her first appearance on the stage was in *Lady Townly*, at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 5th of October, 1803. *Lady Townly* was also the last character she acted, viz. on the 1st of December, 1807; and on the 12th of the same month she made her first appearance as a *real Countess*, in the character of Lady Craven, a part which, (however opinions may differ with respect to her theatrical abilities) it is universally admitted, she is in every respect admirably qualified to support.

#### NOTANDA DRAMATICA.

##### No. I.

#### MRS. SIDDONS.

ANY information respecting this great actress cannot but prove acceptable to our theatrical readers; and to the public at large.

Mrs. Siddons's first appearance on any stage was at Kington or Kyneton in Herefordshire, in one of the princes in Richard III. and when of sufficient age for the character she performed *Leonora* in the *Padlock*. It was in the first season of that piece, and consequently between the years 1768 and 1769.\*

Her first appearance in London was, during Garrick's management, at Drury Lane theatre, on the 29th of December, 1775, when she performed *Portia* in the *Merchant of Venice*. She performed that character once more; and acted in Mr. Colman's alteration of Ben Jonson's *Epicæne*, or the *Silent Woman*, on the 13th of

\* Mrs. Siddons also performed the Princess Elizabeth in King Charles I. and sung between the acts, at Worcester, 12 Feb. 1767. See the Cabinet, Vol. I. page 210. Ed.

January, 1776: on the 1st of February in the *Black Moor washed white*, a comic opera by Mr. Bate (performed only twice), in Mrs. Cowley's *Runaway*, produced on the 13th of February in the same year: in *Love's Metamorphosis*, a farce, by Mr. Vaughan, acted on the 15th of April, for the benefit of Mrs. Wrighten; and Mrs. Strickland in the *Suspicious Husband*; she also walked as Venus in the *Jubilee Procession*, and at the end of the season was discharged!!!

She "but retired more awful to return," and with a triumph and success unprecedented in the annals of the drama, of which she was destined to be (notwithstanding her unpromising debüt) the proudest glory and most illustrious ornament.

On the 10th of Oct. 1782, she re-appeared on the same boards in the character of *Isabella*, and in the course of that season performed no less than *eighty* nights; viz. *Isabella* 22; the *Grecian Daughter* 11; *Jane Shore* 14; *Calista* 14; *Belvidera* 13; *Zara* 3; and 3 times in a tragedy called the *Fatal Interview*, acted only that number of nights.

She played *Belvidera* for the first time for her own benefit, on the 14th of December, 1782. The managers gave her this night free from all expences; and her receipts amounted to more than £.800! There was in the house upwards of £.300, above 30 more than the theatre had ever holden. Her gratitude for this distinguished mark of the public admiration was modestly and respectfully expressed in an advertisement, of which the following is a faithful copy:

"Mrs. Siddons would not have remained so long without expressing the high sense she had of the great honours done her at her late benefit, but that, after repeated trials, she could not find words adequate to her feelings; and she must at present be content with the plain language of a grateful mind, that her heart thanks all her benefactors for the distinguished, and she fears, too partial encouragement which they bestowed on this occasion. She is told that the splendid appearance on that night, and the emoluments arising from it, exceed any thing ever recorded on a similar account, in the annals of the English stage; but she has not the vanity to imagine, that this arose from any superiority over many of her predecessors, or some of her cotemporaries. She attributes it wholly to that liberality of sentiment, which

distinguishes the inhabitants of this great metropolis from those of any other in the world. They know her story; they know that for many years, by a strange fatality, she was confined to move in a narrow sphere, in which the rewards attendant on her labours were proportionably small. With a generosity unexampled, they proposed at once to balance the account, and pay off the arrears due, according to the rate, the too partial rate, at which they valued her talents. She knows the danger arising from extraordinary and unmerited favours, and will carefully guard against any approach of pride, too often their attendant. Happy shall she esteem herself, if, by the utmost assiduity, and constant exertion of her poor abilities, she shall be able to lessen, though hopeless ever to discharge, the vast debt she owes the public.

Drury Lane Theatre, Dec. 17, 1782."

Mrs. Siddons has kept her word. The *utmost assiduity*, and the most respectful demeanour towards the public, have ever marked the performances of this illustrious actress.

#### LEGEND.

[We are promised from the same pen, a variety of interesting anecdotes and *Memorabilia* respecting the English stage, and the writers and performers who have been remarkable for their talents, their worth, or their eccentricities.]

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#### THE FRENCH THEATRES.

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A Decree signed "NAPOLEON," dated the 1st of November, has been published in the Paris Papers, which regulates, with great gravity and solemnity, every trifling arrangement connected with the four great Theatres of Paris. The management of these Theatres, by this Decree, vested partly in NAPOLEON himself, and partly in Councillors of State and other great Officers, who are specially entrusted with the important concerns, the choice of new operas and ballets; the dismissal of performers; the decorations of scenes, &c. The Decree consists of several articles, which are in substance as follows: -

1. An Officer of our Household is charged with the



superintendance of the Four Great Theatres of the Capital, with the title of Superintendant of Spectacles.

2. No alterations can be made in the subsisting regulations of the *Theatre Francois*, the *Theatre Feydeau*, or the *Theatre of the Empress*, without his authority.

3. He is to decide upon all difficulties which may arise respecting the definitive admission of new Performers.

4. The pensions, retirements, and gratifications, will be granted on his recommendation.

5. The repertories (stock plays to be performed) proposed by the Committees or Councils of the Theatres, to be submitted for his approbation.

6. The Budget of expences for each Theatre to be submitted every year, previous to the first of December, for his approbation. The Accountants of each Theatre shall render the account of the receipts for the preceding year at the latest by the month of February in the year succeeding. These accounts to be presented to the Superintendant.

7. Every transaction passing in the Theatres, or through the medium of their Agents, must be approved of by the Superintendant.

8. No Performer at the four great Spectacles can quit either of those Theatres without the permission of the Superintendant.

9. When a performer, after having served ten years, shall have repeatedly demanded, during one year, his retirement, and shall have declared his intention not to perform again in any Theatre, either French or foreign, his retirement shall not be refused him.

10. No performer can absent himself without leave of the Superintendant, which cannot be granted, even by him, between the 1st of December and the 1st of May, nor for a longer period than two months.

11. The Police of these Theatres to be regulated at the Imperial Academy of Music, by the Director, and at the other Theatres by the persons who have hitherto regulated it.

12. Every Performer who shall make default, either in refusing, without sufficient excuse, to perform a character, or in not being present at the time appointed, or for any other fault or disobedience to his superiors, shall be condemned, according to the nature of his offence, either to make an apology, or shall be put under arrest.

13. When put under arrest they are not to be sent to the Abbaye without the authority of the Superintendant.

14. The duration of the arrest not to be prolonged beyond eight days without notifying it to the Emperor.

15. Whilst under arrest, they are to cease to derive any emolument from the Theatres.

16. The administration of the Imperial Academy of Music (the Opera) to consist of a Director, an Accountant, Administrator, and an Inspector appointed by him. There is to be also a Secretary General. They are to take an oath to execute faithfully their functions.

17. The Director to have the general controul, and to be the immediate superior of all the Artists, to appoint to all offices, and direct all payments.

18. The Administrator to be Guardian of the Budget.

19. 20. The Council to be held every week, at the Academy of Music, relative to the Police of the Theatres.

21. and 22. Regulations as to the annual expences, the purchases, and pieces to be performed.

23. The pieces to be performed to be decided by the Council of Administration, the 14th and 30th of each month, for a fortnight. If any dispute arise, to be referred to the Superintendant.

24. When new Pieces, or Ballets, shall have been admitted by the Jury, the estimate of the expence shall be decided on in the Council of Administration, and presented for our approbation by the Superintendant. The Mechanist shall be admitted to the sitting of the Council, and shall declare, on his responsibility, whether the decorations already in store can or cannot be used for the new Piece.

25. A Committee of our Council of State to be appointed every year to receive and settle the accounts of the Opera.

26. Abolishes free admissions, except those of Authors and Performers.

27, 28, and 29, are chiefly formal.

(Signed)

NAPOLEON.

## ANOTHER MONSTER!

“ I will shew you a MONSTER.”——*Shakespeare.*  
*Monstrum HORRENDUM!*——*Virgil.*

## TO THE READERS OF THE CABINET.

IF to publish gross and malicious falshoods, to misstate facts, and apply coarse and *brutal* epithets to a FEMALE, with the *obvious intention* of injuring her professional reputation, and holding her up to the public as a *disgusting object*; if these be not among the privileges allowed to a *satirist*, the mottos I have selected will then be applicable, and I shall shew the reader, not a *satirist*, but a MONSTER. The MONSTER who some few years ago infested the metropolis, *stabbed women in the dark*. Such is the MONSTER I am about to exhibit.

This miscreant has thought proper, in a new periodical publication called the *Satirist*, (*Assassin* would be a fitter title,) to bring certain charges against the editor of this work. The utter contempt in which I hold the writer and his writings would have prevented me from making any reply; but, as I have some character to lose, and do not live like *Snake* in the play, (as this MONSTER may do) “ by the *badness* of it,” I will shake off the imputations with which this concealed enemy has been kind enough to load me.

It seems that in the *Stranger in England*, a work translated from the German of Goede, some compliments are paid to the theatrical talents of a lady who has the good fortune to enjoy a very respectable portion of the public favour. I am accused of being either the translator of this book, or the *corrector* of the translation, and of foisting these complimentary remarks into the English work, from the most unworthy of all motives. Whether the original contains the observations attributed to me I do not know, for I never saw it; and if I had seen it, I could not have read it, having no knowledge whatever of the German language. The publisher *knows*, and Mr. LANGSDORFF, “ who introduced the work into this country,” *knows also*, and both could attest (upon oath, if necessary,) that I neither inserted the panegyric in question, nor advised or desired its insertion, nor corrected a single line or letter of the translation. So much



for the *fact*. I think all who know me will believe me when I add, that no considerations could ever induce me to be guilty of so mean a literary fraud. I should not have noticed this charge, if it had not been repeated in the last number of the *Satirist*, and if the manner in which the letters of Sir JOHN CARR and Mr. LANGSDORFF upon this subject are noticed in the Address to the Readers (p. 3.) did not seem to imply, and indeed leave it almost beyond a doubt, that I was the *known* and *avowed* corrector of the translation, and the author, to use the words of the *Satirist*, of “shameless and scandalous deviations from the original, for the purpose of praising a certain actress.” With respect to the lady whose vanity is erroneously supposed to have been gratified by this clumsy eulogium, I beg to assure the writer of it, who is to me and to her unknown, whether he be German or Englishman, that the perusal of it gave her much more uneasiness than she can ever feel at the coarse invective and pointless malice of the MONSTER-*Satirist*; inasmuch as she is aware that misjudged, misplaced, or misapplied commendation, is calculated to do more injury than the savage attack of obvious malignity, from whatever quarter it may proceed.

I am also taxed with “gross and impudent inconsistency;” and an unfavourable review of the tragedy of *Edgar* [see *Cabinet*, vol. II. p. 252] is contrasted with a *favourable account* of that play in the *Monthly Mirror*, in order to fasten on me this imputation. Now be it known to the MONSTER, and to all others whom it may concern, that the “shameless mutilator of translations,” which he never mutilated, is equally free from the charge of *inconsistency*, unless, as in the case of the *Stranger in England*, the wrongheaded MONSTER will insist upon my being the author of what I never wrote. “This identical man” did *not* “give the favourable account of the self-same tragedy” in the *Monthly Mirror*. He could not have given it, for he was not then, nor is he in the habit now, of prostituting his sentiments; but if there is any inclination to see how far I have been *consistent*, let the *Satirist* turn to vol. xxi. p. 348, of the *Monthly Mirror*, and he will find that the opinion I formed and published in 1806 I have but repeated and confirmed in the year 1807. I do not rest my defence upon my own bare assertion. As Mr. LANGSDORFF, and Mr. LEIGH the bookseller, can verify my statement, with respect to the *mutilations*, so

can the present proprietors of the *Monthly Mirror* exonerate me from any “*inconsistency*” with respect to this miserable tragedy. “Gross and impudent” are, consequently, epithets to be retorted on the lying MONSTER, whose genuine property they are. Just as true is the assertion in the note, [p. 234]. The secession was *voluntary*, and originated with myself. I have before met, though never before noticed, and then I despised them as much as I do at this moment, observations of a similar tendency, which might have been produced, for aught I know or care, by the same influence. [See *Dramatic Censor* Vol. II. p. 39. 77: Vol. III. p. 111]. I now declare those insinuations, as well as the assertions of the *Satirist*, void of all foundation in truth.

The *Satirist* again avers that the *Cabinet* was instituted as a scourge *in terrorem* over the conduct of a certain tragedian, and then proceeds to state the *real* truth in his usual way, that is, by “telling fantastical *lies*.” I am neither so vile as to entertain the motives which this fellow has attributed to me, nor is Mr. K—— so weak (he would be to be despised if he were) as to be influenced by any such ridiculous *terror*. The faults of this great actor may be pointed out without malice, and criticism that is not just both he and the public will treat with merited contempt. The managers never have been, never will be, courted or censured on account of the person alluded to. Where there is no desire for an engagement, no efforts, worthy or unworthy, will be made to obtain one. As to the allusion to the Haymarket, Mr. Colman, if a *gentleman*, could hold any communication with one who is *not so*, has it in his power to explain the circumstances connected with that engagement, in a way that would not be disadvantageous to the performer in question.

I have called this *Satirist* a MONSTER, and I will prove that it is no misnomer. With respect to the *female sex* particularly, RHYNWICK WILLIAMS himself could not express himself with more offensive brutality, nor try to *cut deeper* than the brother MONSTER who is now striving to emulate his savage career. Undoubtedly, public writings and public performers of every description, are fit subjects for criticism, for *severe* criticism: But criticism has limits, beyond which no person, who has the feelings of a *man*, or the liberality of a *gentleman*, will dare to trespass. The Readers of the *Cabinet* shall

judge what sort of feelings and liberality direct the mind of the *Satirist*, who professes notwithstanding to be guided by the *animum censoris honesti* ! It should be premised that the female against whom the MONSTER directs his *knife*, is a performer who has, for several years, sustained the most difficult and important characters, with the uniform approbation and loud applauses of the public.

“ Mrs. — *vulgarity*,” (p. 98.) “ Mrs. — comes *trundling* on to the stage,” (ib.) “ Mrs. — has played the *Widow Brady*, and introduced the old epilogue song, we believe for the sake of giving the town an opportunity of deciding which was the most *disgusting* performance, her acting or her singing. We can determine certainly ; for, though her acting *always is that of a vulgar* woman, her singing is like *nothing human* at all ; so that of two evils we prefer her *prosing* to her music ; but, for our own parts, we are not particular, and could contrive to exist without either,” (p. 99.) Is this sense, is it English, is it criticism, is it *satire* ? Would any *man* use such language, on any occasion, in any place, applying it to any woman, in any sphere or condition of life ? The MONSTER is not content with a *single stab*. He whets his *knife* over and over again, and inflicts three wounds within less than the compass of two pages. *Three ?* I beg the MONSTER’s pardon ; he had gratified himself with a preparatory incision in p. 76. “ Mrs. — who never pleases but often *disgusts*.” Independently of the grossness observable in these extracts, mark the elegance of the style and the candour of the criticism ! “ *trundling on to.*” He would lead the reader to infer that the epilogue song was introduced by the actress, from a vain partiality for her own singing, when it is well known that the song is never omitted by any performer of the character, and the introduction of it is prefaced by an excuse for a “ bad voice and bad matter.” The part was written for Mrs. Barry, and has never been played by any actress professionally a singer. The dialogue of a farce the monster, whose gripe seems much better calculated for a *knife* than a *pen*, thinks to be well defined the term *prosing*, and *singing*, with equal appropriateness he terms “ music.” But it is not surprising that a *hater of the sex* should also mangle his *mother tongue*.

In the last number of the *Satirist* the MONSTER, not yet satiated, again returns to the attack, (p. 3, of the



*Address to the Readers*). He fabricates a vile falsehood (which we have already exposed) that he may have another *slash* at his intended victim. Page 234, another malignant *lie* is forged for the same diabolical purpose. The MONSTER is cunning in his cruelty, and tries more ways than one to accomplish his detestable object. For fear he may not have *cut deep enough*, he is resolved to make up any deficiency that way by the *frequency* of his stabs. "Every other man, who is gifted with common sense, coincides with us in thinking Mrs. —'s acting conspicuous for nothing but *vulgarity*," (p. 234). What, not yet satisfied! No; this is a slight repast before the grand feast. Page 323, the MONSTER sits down to dinner, and *cuts*, and *hacks*, and *carves*, and *mangles*, without mercy. "The lady possessing no *great* qualifications for the stage, except her *figure* and *voice*," &c. "our heroine was suffered to strut and bellow away her summer evenings," &c. "As second to Miss Leserve at Covent Garden, or Miss Tidswell at Drury Lane, in case of their illness, she might be of some use to the theatre." These ladies are not much complimented by the observation, for the evident intention of the writer is to inform his readers, that the actress whom the public have been pleased to consider among the best is the very *worst* and most contemptible of the whole race of our present performers. But let the MONSTER go on with his meal. Some of the characters performed by this lady in a provincial theatre are thus *criticised*: "the Country Girl, (*fine healthy young creature!*) Roxalana, (*terrible Turk!*) Mrs. Haller, (which we have seen;) Irish Widow, (which we have heard;) and Mrs. Sullen, (which, *thank heaven*, we have escaped.)" "A most *delicate* MONSTER!" The candour, the satire, the manliness, the *decency*, of these remarks must be apparent to every one. But is it credible that any being, styling himself a *man*, could sit down and pen all this ribaldry and filth, with the determined though disappointed intention of hurting the feelings (for it is manifest that such self-declared malignity cannot injure her in her profession) of an unoffending and inobtrusive *woman*? I say with Iago, "Fie, there's no such *man*." What should follow then? He must therefore be a MONSTER.

In the following page the MONSTER is engaged in the same honourable pursuit; *forging* falsehoods (thus

“*making the meat he feeds on*”) to gratify his favourite black and malignant propensity: “we are informed that ——— has played Lady Townley; why not Lady Grace? that she has looked the *innocent girl* in Cicely Home-spun; that her figure in Rosalind was exquisitely displayed, &c.” (p. 324) Why this is a “puppy-headed MONSTER, a most *scurry* MONSTER!” *Tempest*. How much of this is true may be seen in page 283 of the *Cabinet*, Vol. II. The names of the characters only, without any compliment either expressed or implied are there to be found. “Oh! a very lying MONSTER!” There are many other remarks on this lady written in the same malignant spirit, and with the same intentional disregard of truth: as *criticism* it is ridiculous, but the malice deserves exposure.

What a blockhead like this may think, or affect to think, of this publication or of its conductor, can make no impression on my mind. His *opinions* are beneath contempt, but his *fabrications* require to be refuted. He designedly mispoints a paragraph by turning a *period* into a *colon*, and thus *renders* the sense ambiguous, in order that he may *declare* it to be so. [For *proof*, compare *Satirist*, p. 324 with *Cabinet*, p. 273, respecting Mrs. Da Ponte.] The History of *Ants* he says is taken from the *Spectator*. (“’tis false. ROWE.”) a paper called the Customs of the Theatre (*stolen* from Malone’s History of the Stage)—another falshood. The article bears Mr. Malone’s name as the author (*Cabinet*, p. 260). “A published Ode of Moore’s.” False again; the Ode is a *translation* by a gentleman of Liverpool, from Mr. Moore’s *Greek Ode*. And yet this scurrilous booby calls himself an *honest censor*! “A most *ridiculous* MONSTER.”

Though Mrs. ——— is the object of his most inveterate malice, the MONSTER, like his predecessor is not satisfied with a *single sacrifice*. Here, Reader, is a paragraph for a *Man* and a *Critic* to write: “Miss T——a long-legged *protégée* of Mr. Cumberland’s *came out* here, but she very soon *went in* again.” In page 185, this same MONSTER or such another, if another such *can* be, quits the subject on which his pen is employed to attack the reputation, and if possible, blast the domestic peace of a married couple; if any person can read that paragraph without emotions of horror, and a detestation of the infamous wretch who inserted it, he must, like the writer,

be something more or less than human. Whether the anecdote be true or false, and after what we have detected, we must infer the *latter*, such a circumstance none but a MONSTER and a ruffian would think of publishing to the world. FIAT JUSTITIA! is the motto to this article. *Justice?* the author deserves it—"merely justice"—a HALTER *gratis*!

What the MONSTER would *insinuate* in the last number [p. 3 of the Address,] and p. 234, has not escaped my attention. Why don't he *speak out*? MONSTER as he is, that he *dares not do*.

"A theatrical performer has hitherto been considered as a mark to be shot at, without the opportunity of shooting again; but the SATIREST shall be his SHIELD!!!" *Satirist* p. 211. The three notes of admiration are very appropriately fixed. *Credat qui vult!* "He promises his protection," yes; "such protection as vultures give to lambs, *covering* and devouring them." *Pizarro*. "Oh brave Monster"—a DAGGER is usually concealed under the *shield* of an ASSASSIN. *Hunc caveto!*

I feel that I have dwelt too long on *so bad a subject*; but I hope it will be allowed that forbearance was no longer within my power. I have been forced to the combat, but for my antagonist "if I be not ashamed of him I am a soused gurnet." It is a disgrace to oppose him, as it would be "a vice to know him." As Mr. Giffard observed of another similar character "his acquaintance is infamy and his touch is poison." I have exposed his malice and detected his falsehoods; I trust I have vindicated my character from charges, which, if credited, would make me appear contemptible, and if true, would render me base. I think at least that I have kept my word with the reader,

"I HAVE SHOWN HIM A MONSTER."

26th Dec. 1807.

THE CONDUCTOR OF THE CABINET.

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## P O E T R Y.

## FAREWELL TO CARRON.

TO ITS OWN TUNE.

At noon's sultry heat, the fragrance is sweet  
 Of thy dark waving birches, O Carron ! pure stream !  
 Midst thy close hazel boughs have ascended love's vows,  
 And thy wild bushy glens have oft been the theme

Of love's cheerful song, resounding along  
 Thy blue rippling stream, and fountains so clear,  
 While rude rocks around have re-echoed the sound  
 Of the blackbird's mild strains to lovers, aye dear.

Primroses in bloom, diffusing perfume,  
 Thy deep winding glens enamel around,  
 While from each cliff and bush the linnet and thrush  
 Make rocks, glens, and groves, with soft echo resound.

The far torrent's hoarse noise, the cascades shrill voice,  
 The hum of wild bees among the green trees,  
 The cushat's wild cooing, the turtle's notes wooing,  
 Waft music seraphic which float on each breeze.

How cheerful at morn the dew-spangling thorn,  
 Enwreathed by tendrils of woodbine's dark green,  
 Where the sweet native rose in mild fragrance blows,  
 Diffusing fresh beauties around each rude scene.

At noon's scorching beam, what joy, purest stream ?  
 On thy margin reposing in cool birchen bow'rs ;  
 The zephyrs mild breeze enjoying at ease.  
 But, ah ! now are fled those once blissful hours.

Since M . . . , ungrateful, has ceased to be faithful,  
 Roll on, once dear stream ! thou roll'st not for me ;  
 Banks, glens, woods, and groves, dear seats of past loves ?  
 Adieu ! You or joy I shall ne'er again see.

*Stirling.*

## THE LONDON THEATRES.

## DRURY LANE.

## NOVEMBER.

27. Haunted Tower. Edward, Mr. Russel ; Lewis, Mr. Smith ; Adela, Signora Storace, her 1st app. this season. Ella Rosenberg.

28. [1st time for 4 years] Inconstant. Young Mirabel (1st time) Mr. Elliston. Oriana, (1st time) Miss Boyce. Ib.

30. Siege of Belgrade. Yuseph (1st time) Mr. Purser. Ib.

## DECEMBER.

1. As You Like It.—Ib.

2. Time's a Tell-tale —Ib.

3. False Alarms.—Ib.

4. Inconstant.—Ib.

5. Cabinet. Fioretta, Signora Storace. Ib.

7. Way to Keep Him—Wood Daemon.

8. Travellers—Citizen.

9. Time's a Tell-tale—Tekeli.

10. Honeymoon—Ella Rosenberg. Rosenberg, Mr. Putnam.

11. Inconstant—Tekeli.

12. (1st time for 20 years) LIONEL and CLARISSA. With additional new and selected music by Messrs. Reeve, Corri, and Addison. Lionel, Mr. Braham ; Colonel Oldboy, Mr. Bannister ; Sir John Flowerdale, Mr. Powell ; Jessamy, Mr. De Camp ; Jenkins, Mr. Smith ; Harman, Mr. Gibbon. Clarissa, Miss Lyon ; Lady Mary Oldboy, Miss Pope ; Diana, Signora Storace ; Jenny, Mrs. Bland. Ella Rosenberg. N. B. Mrs. Bland being indisposed, Miss Kelly performed her character.

14. Love for Love. Scandal (1st time) Mr. Eyre. Tekeli.

15. Lionel and Clarissa. Jenny, Miss Kelly. Ella Rosenberg.

16. [Never acted] FAULKENER. The characters by Messrs. Elliston, Powell, H. Siddons, Palmer, Ray, Smith, Purser. Mrs. Powell, Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Tidswell. The prologue by Mr. Eyre ; the epilogue by Mrs. H. Siddons. Weathercock.

17. Faulkener—Tekeli.

18. Faulkener—Ella Rosenberg.

19. Cabinet—Matrimony. Lisetta (1st time) Miss Kelly. N. B. The new tragedy of Faulkener was announced for this evening, but deferred till further notice, on account of the indisposition of a principal performer.

21. West Indian. Louisa Dudley (1st time) Miss Ray. Tekeli.

22. Belle's Stratagem—Ella Rosenberg.

23. Provok'd Husband—Ib.

26. Honeymoon—Ib.

Nov. 28. The *Inconstant*. Mr. Elliston played *Mirabel* for the first time. It is one of those characters for which this actor's talents are peculiarly adapted. His person, his vivacity, and the mixture of the lively and the serious which the character requires, and which he can so successfully assume, rendered the performance extremely interesting. In the scene with the bravocs he was highly impressive. Miss Boyce, who improves, as she has opportunities, was very respectable in *Oriana*.

Dec. 12. *Lionel and Clarissa*, was revived, after a lapse of twenty years, with new music by Reeve, Corri, and Addison. This opera never had the popularity of Bickerstaff's other pieces, though its merit in point of writing is not inferior either to *Love in a Village*, or the *Maid of the Mill*. It has been usual at every revival to introduce new songs, and as few of the original airs were well adapted to the powers of Braham and Storace, it was necessary to make considerable alterations. Madame Storace's first song is new both in words and music. It is an Italian air of Martini's; the next new song is by Reeve to the original words, and excellently adapted to the deep bass voice of Mr. Smith, who was very warmly applauded in it and *encored*. This may be said to have been the best song, and the best sung, of any in the opera. Braham introduced the Irish air of *Coolun*, and sang it in a very chaste and beautiful style. The words were new. He also had a new duett with Miss Lyon. His other songs, three in number, belonged to the opera. Storace had also a new *comic* song, with new words, to which her voice and acting combined to give a powerful effect, and in which she was deservedly *encored*; a new duett with Mr. Smith, not less effective; and a *rondo* from the Scots air "An Nid Nodding." These also are the composition of Mr. Reeve. Her last song was by Mazzinghi, to new words. All her songs were introduced for the occasion. Miss Lyon sung the airs belonging to the piece, excepting one supplied by Mr. Corri; but they did not suit the voice of this young lady, who is not yet sufficiently studied for every species of composition. In simple airs she appears to great advantage. The opera suffered something from the indisposition of Mrs. Bland, though Miss Kelly proved a tolerable substitute. Notwithstanding all this novelty the opera did not afford much pleasure, and is not likely to be often repeated.

16. FAULKNER. This tragedy is written by Mr. Godwin, the author of *Caleb Williams*, and other popular novels, and of one other dramatic piece called *Antonio*, which, though it had the aid of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, was scarcely allowed to proceed through the fourth act. *Faulkener* has more interest and more merit; but it was not sufficient to carry it beyond the third night. The following is the fable:

Faulkener [Mr. Elliston], an officer in the service of King Charles II. is killed, fighting valiantly on the royal party, in the battle of Worcester. His widow [Mrs. Powell] had resided during the campaign, in Flanders, whither the king retired after his defeat. Charles II. was then just 21 years of age, sober, graceful, and undesigning. He consoled the widow of his servant, and in the midst of his consolations there arose a tenderer feeling. The widow was dazzled with the enchanting qualities of the monarch; and the family of her husband took away her only surviving son from her protection. The intoxication of her mind was short: she speedily recollected her virtue, and betook herself to an obscure retreat in the West of England. Here an Italian nobleman, Count Orsini, [Mr. Powell] chanced to see her, became enamoured of her beauty and accomplishments, and married her, in ignorance of her true history.

When the play commences, young Faulkener, [Mr. Elliston] who had been separated from his mother at four years of age, is already 20. Under the roof of his grandfather, where he spent his youth,



the name of his mother was forbidden so much as to be mentioned to him. The mysterious silence, of the cause of which he was ignorant, struck upon his youthful fancy, and made his mother the perpetual subject of his reveries. He secretly swore, in his boyish days, that the first exploit of his manhood should be to find her. Meanwhile, the event which Countess Orsini feared beyond all other calamities, was, that she should, by any accident, meet with the youthful Faulkener, and that thus the disgraces, over which she had been so careful to cast the veil of oblivion, should be brought to light.

The countess had a secret enemy, perpetually at work to bring about the mischief she regarded with so much terror. This was Laretta, [Mrs. H. Siddons] an Italian woman of intrigue, who had been mistress to Count Orsini, but had been discarded by him on his marriage with the mother of Faulkener. She writes an anonymous letter which brings the youth to Milan, where his mother then was ; but various accidents prevented their meeting. From Milan Faulkener proceeds to the defence of Candia, then besieged by the Turks. Candia having surrendered, he is conducted, on his return to England, by Bendetto, [Mr. Palmer] a confederate of Laretta, to Florence, the fixed abode of Count Orsini.

Bendetto undertakes to show to Faulkener his mother. He leads him to a masquerade, where Laretta, disguised as a witch, addresses him in obscure and insulting terms on the subject of his reveries. At the masquerade Faulkener recognises his mother without the aid of Bendetto, by means of his youthful recollections ; but they are suddenly separated. Bendetto contrives another meeting with Faulkener in a solitary midnight scene ; but proceeding too far in his taunts and insinuations against this beloved parent, Faulkener draws, they fight, and Bendetto falls.

Flying from the consequences of this rencounter, Faulkener chances to enter the garden of the Orsini palace, and penetrates to the bedchamber of his mother. She is infinitely confounded with his appearance, but finds means to persuade him that she is not his mother, and that his mother had long been dead.

Faulkener is accused of the murder of Bendetto, and shocked with having thus taken away the life of a fellow creature, and still more with the strange termination of his favourite pursuit, becomes careless of existence. He has however a friend, a guardian and fellow-soldier, Colonel Stanley, [Mr. H. Siddons] who is ever watchful for his safety. Stanley becomes persuaded by the contrivance of Laretta, that Countess Orsini eagerly exerts herself for the destruction of her son. He goes therefore to the count her husband, and lays before him all that he knows, all that had been related to him of his wife's frailty and guilt, believing this to be the most effectual means of counteracting her wickedness. Orsini, who does not believe one word of these accusations, becomes enraged : they fight, and the husband is killed. The countess, who had in almost all instances been actuated by the noblest sentiments, finding that her son's life was in danger, resolves to disregard all hazard and disgrace to herself, resorts to the court of justice where he is arraigned, avows their relation, and produces such evidence respecting Laretta and Bendetto, as induces the judges to acquit her son. Thus she would have triumphed ; but when

she returns home, and meets the dead body of her husband, she is forced to confess, that the vengeance of one unhappy hour of weakness and folly, though long deferred, can never be eluded. Lauretta is sufficiently punished in the destruction of Orsini, on whom she always doated, and in finding that the mischief she had intended for the head of the countess, had fallen most signally on the devoted husband.

It will not be necessary to exercise much criticism on a tragedy that has made so slight an impression on the public. The improbability of the whole story, is its principal defect. It is almost as incredible as the *History of St. Leon*. The character of the lady is not entitled to our sympathy; but rather excites disgust. It smacks of wantonness; and however we may admire the filial affection which governs the conduct of *Faulkener*; considering his age at the time his mother commits her first indiscretion, and the other circumstances of the story, the whole appears impossible in fact, and too romantic for belief, even with the widest stretch of dramatic allowance. We expected (from the prologue) a story of domestic woe, arising out of probable circumstances, and agitating human characters; we found an extravagant fiction built on impossible events, with outrageous beings fit only for *Bedlam* or the *Magdalen*. The language, which is however upon the whole its best recommendation, is generally too laboured and inflated; and the expressions which the author has so liberally put into the mouths of *Faulkener* and the countess, border on a *passion* very different from filial love or maternal affection. In dramatic contrivance the author has shown no skill. The characters enter without having any thing to say, and depart without having any thing said, and are removed from one scene to another with all the rapidity of a pantomimic change. The same words were reiterated, and the same narrative repeated "until the eye-lids could no longer wag." The *denouement* was clumsy in the extreme. The assassination of *Count Orsini* (for it was nothing better) was a *death-blow* to the piece. Nothing could be more injudicious.

The performers did great justice to the author. Elliston was graceful animated, and, at times, electrical; Mr. Siddons in Stanley, Mrs. Powell and Mrs. H. Siddons also displayed their best abilities. The prologue, spoken by Mr. Eyre, is the production of *Mr. Lamb*. It contained some neat compliments to the diversified talents of Defoe (from one of whose novels the play is taken.) The epilogue exceedingly well delivered by Mrs. H. Siddons, had several good points; but we cannot but think the practice of drawing the attention of an audience to the professional and private character of the speaker, would be "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

The Christmas pantomime is to be called *FURIBOND*; or, *Harlequin Negro*. The music by Condell. Laurent makes his first appearance in it as the clown.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN.

##### NOVEMBER.

- 25. *Macbeth*. *Macbeth*, Mr. Pope. *Harl.* and *Mother Goose*.
- 26. *Two Faces under a Hood*. *Animal Magnetism*.

27. *Jane Shore*. Gloster, Mr. Murray; Hastings, Mr. C. Kemble; Dumont, Mr. Pope. Alicia (1st time) Miss Smith; *Jane Shore*, Mrs. Siddons. Harl. and Mother Goose.

28. *School of Reform—Tom Thumb*. N. B. *Two Faces under a Hood* was announced, but deferred on account of the indisposition of Mrs. Dickons.

30. *Winter's Tale* and (108th time!) Harl. and Mother Goose.

#### NOVEMBER.

1. *Provoked Husband*. (1st time) a grand historical melodrama, called the *BLIND BOY*. The overture and music by Mr. Davy. The action, &c. &c. under the direction of Mr. Farley. The characters by Mr. Murray, Mrs. C. Kemble, Messrs. Brunton, Fawcett, Thompson, Chapman, Farley, Liston, Miss Bristow, Miss Norton. The scenery painted by Messrs. Phillips, Whitmore, Hollogan, Grieve, Thorn, Hodgkins, &c.

2. *King Henry VIII.—Blind Boy*.

3. *Two Faces under a Hood—Ib.*

4. *Winter's Tale—Ib.*

5. *Two Faces under a Hood—Ib.*

7. *Jane Shore—Ib.*

8. *Two Faces under a Hood—Ib.*

9. *King Henry VIII.—Ib.*

10. *Two Faces under a Hood—Ib.*

11. *Winter's Tale—Ib.*

12. *Two Faces under a Hood—Ib.*

14. *Revenge. Leonora*, Miss Norton. *Ib.*

15. *Two Faces under a Hood—Ib.*

16. *CONFEDERACY* [revived]. Gripe, Mr. Emery; Moneytrap, Mr. Munden; Dick, Mr. Jones; Brass, Mr. Lewis; Clarissa, Mrs. C. Kemble; Araminta, Mrs. Humphries; Corinna, Miss Norton; Flippanta, Mrs. Mattocks; Mrs. Amlet, Mrs. Davenport; Mrs. Clogget, Mrs. Emery. *Ib.*

17. *John Bull. Dennis Brulgruddery*, Mr. HAMERTON (from Dublin and Liverpool.) *Ib.*

18. *Two Faces under a Hood—Ib.*

19. *Othello. Iago* 1st time) Mr. Kemble. *Ib.*

21. *Speed the Plough—Ib.*

22. *Two Faces under a Hood—Ib.*

23. *West Indian* [revived.] Stockwell, Mr. Murray; Belcour, Mr. Jones; Major O'Flaherty, Mr. Hamerton; Captain Dudley, Mr. Cresswell; Charles Dudley, Mr. Brunton; Varland, Mr. Blanchard; Fulmer, Mr. Simmons. Lady Rusport, Mrs. Mattocks; Charlotte Rusport, Mrs. C. Kemble; Louisa Dudley, Miss Norton; Mrs. Fulmer, Mrs. Dibdin; Housekeeper, Mrs. Emery; Lucy, Miss Logan. *Ib.*

26. *Romeo and Juliet. Ib.*

Dec. 1. *Provoked Husband*—We are not quite correct in stating that Miss Brunton retired from the stage on this evening. Her name appears in the bills of the following night for Anne Bullen in *Henry VIII.*

The *BLIND BOY* is an Historical Melo-Drama, adapted from the French to the English Stage, with an uncommon degree of judgment. Whatever may be said of the present rage for "*Dumb Shew and Noise*," it cannot be denied that this little piece abounds with in-



terest, and depends more on its own intrinsic merits than on the frippery of the *Decorateur*, or the brush of the Scene-Painter.

"Stanislaus, King of Samartia, [Mr. Murray] overjoyed at the birth of a son and heir, feels the severest mortification at being informed that the child is born blind. The Queen, much distressed that the King refuses to see his son, conceives the design of deceiving him by a supposed miracle.—She consults with the Palatine of Rava, who has a son of the same age as her own—at the grand ceremony of the christening, this son is substituted in the place of the blind Prince—the priests cry out "a miracle!"—The King and people are persuaded the blind boy has miraculously received the blessing of sight. Rodolph, the Palatine's son, [Mr. Brunton] is brought up as the heir to Samartia's throne. Edmond, the unfortunate blind Prince, [Mrs. C. Kemble] is delivered, with a purse of gold, to Oberto, [Mr. Fawcett] a soldier who lived at a village near Gnesna, the residence of the court.—Oberto has orders to retire at least 30 leagues distant, and he buys a farm near Warsaw, where he lives happy with the Blind Boy, and his daughter Elwina [Miss Norton]. The Court, after some years, quits Gnesna, and is established at Warsaw. The Queen, stung by remorse of conscience, on her dying bed entrusts Kalig, [Mr. Farley] her confidential officer, with a packet addressed to Oberto, which contains the account of her imposition—she enjoins Kalig to seek out Oberto, and if the Blind Boy exists, to deliver the packet. Kalig, hunting in the forest with Rodolph, they come by accident to the farm of Oberto—Rodolph demands refreshments and the name of his host—at the name of Oberto, Kalig recognises the soldier and the blind Prince, and on the departure of Rodolph he puts the packet of the Queen into the hands of Oberto—astonished and agitated, Oberto opens the seal, and is transported when he finds that Edmond, the Blind Boy, is heir to Samartia's throne—he calls Edmond and his daughter Elwina, and having read the letter of the Queen, and conquered their fears, they proceed together to Warsaw.—Oberto meets with Kalig at Warsaw, and consults with him how to announce the great intelligence: Kalig advises him to declare it publicly in the temple at the marriage of Rodolph and Lidap, Duchess of Lithuania, which is just about to take place.—The ceremony is begun—the chief priest says aloud "I here betroth Rodolph, son of Stanislaus,"—Oberto rushes forward and cries "he is not the son of Stanislaus." The King, at the sight of the packet, acknowledges the writing of the Queen, and convinced by the resemblance of the Blind Boy, he declares Edmond to be his son. Rodolph is rewarded with the dukedom of Lithuania, and Stanislaus presents him with a brilliant ring as a pledge of his undiminished affection—But nothing short of the crown can satisfy the ambitious desires of Rodolph.—He gets possession of the person of Edmond, and delivers the poor blind prince to his villainous agent, Starow, (Mr. Chapman) to be drowned in the vistula.—Starow seeks to procure the aid of Kalig, who rescues the blind prince, and slays in combat Starow—During the fight Edmond wanders up a steep rock, and is on the point of falling down the precipice, when he is saved by Elwina, who, with her father, had flown to preserve him from threatened danger—Kalig sounds the horn of Starow, which was to have been a signal to Rodolph of Edmond's death—Rodolph, deceived by the sound, alarms the palace, and followed by the king and his guards,

pretends to be eager in his search for the assassins—he seizes Kalig, and accuses him of the murder of Edmond—Oberto and Elwina appear with the blind prince—the unblushing Rodolph still insists upon the guilt of Kalig, when Edmond produces the ring of Stanislaus, which in the struggle he drew from the hand of one of the assassins—Rodolph is convicted, and Stanislaus resigns the throne to Edmond, who shares it with his beloved Elwina.”

This story is dramatized with infinite skill. The interest is excited at the drawing up of the curtain, and is not once suspended throughout the melo-drame. The calamitous situation of Edmond, the simplicity and tenderness of *Elwina*, the rough virtues and steady loyalty of Oberto, and the singular yet probable events which conduce to the restoration of the blind prince to his just inheritance, take a very powerful hold of the feelings, and amply gratify the eye, the ear, and the mind of the spectator. A more successful after-piece, or one more deservedly so, has not been produced for many years.

Much, however, of its attraction is owing to the excellent manner in which the whole has been adapted and arranged, and the powerful support afforded to it by the performers. The credit of the *direction* belongs to Mr. Farley, who has executed his task with his usual accurate taste and knowledge of stage effect. He also essentially aided the piece by his spirited and impressive performance of *Kalig*. He never appeared to higher advantage. Fawcett exerted himself nobly. A more masterly piece of acting there could not be. Miss Norton was very interesting in *Elwina*, and Mrs. C. KEMBLE a most admirable representative of the *Blind Boy*. The music reflects vast credit on Davy. It is charmingly characteristic. The overture is excellent, and contains a very pretty *rondo*, in which the *harp* is the most conspicuous instrument. Master Nicholson played it with remarkable ability, and in the *solo* parts was warmly applauded.

Remarks on Mr. Hamerton's *Dennis Brulgruddery*, Kemble's *Iago*, Revival of the *Confederacy*, &c. are postponed for want of room.

### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Hatton, who played at the Haymarket theatre the season before last, died in America, about two months since, of the yellow fever. He had made a very good engagement in South Carolina. Besides a house well furnished, he has left 2450 dollars.

Mademoiselle Parisot has retired from the stage, having given her hand to a Mr. Hughes, an eminent florist-worker, with whom only she means to dance a *pas deux* through life. Mademoiselle Presle is to be her professional successor at the ensuing Opera.

A subscription has been set on foot for building a theatre at Drogheda, the management to be vested in Mr. Jones, the Dublin Patentee.

Mr. Young is performing in Scotland.

Another sister of Mrs. Charles Kemble, (Miss S. De Camp,) is performing in the York company.

Collins, the manager of the Salisbury, Exeter, and other theatres, and the father of the late Mr. Collins, of Drury Lane, died a few weeks since, leaving behind him a very handsome property.

Miss Walstein has renewed her engagement at Crow-street. Mr. Melvin has also joined the company.

The Young Roscius is said to have prepared for publication a sketch of his peregrinations throughout the three Kingdoms, with anecdotes theatrical and domestic.

### COUNTRY THEATRES.

*Theatre-Royal, MANCHESTER.*—Mr. Macredy the spirited manager of this theatre, has gratified the town with one of the best companies Manchester has boasted for many years past. Among the principal performers we observe the names of Messrs. Barrymore, Dwyer, Bartley, Lee, late of Drury-lane theatre; Messrs. Bennett, and Hill; Mrs. Hill, (Atkins) Miss Taylor and Mrs. Glover of Covent Garden; Messrs. Grove, Noble, Miss Grant, of the Haymarket; Swendall of Chester; Meggett of Edinburgh, and many others of much provincial celebrity. The theatre opened on the 7th instant with the "Soldier's Daughter" and the "Quaker"—the Widow Cheerly Mrs. Glover. The new comedy of Time's a Tell Tale, Lodoiska, (for the first time at this theatre) frequently repeated, and Pizarro (for the purpose of introducing a Mr. Conway in Rolla, his second appearance on any stage, of whom we entertain a favourable opinion,) have been represented to good houses, with great credit to the performers, and satisfaction to the audience. We would advise the manager, his prompter, or the person composing the play bills, for the future, to omit the superfluous words "*the part of*" Rolla, or "*the part of*" Leander, &c. &c. Most people know Rolla is a part as well as Leander, and this assignment of "*the part of*" to three or four of the characters in a play may puzzle a poor fellow unacquainted with the trick of play bills to make out the remainder of the bill: for example, in the play of Pizarro, after the PARTS are done with—Boy, Miss Johannot—and Blind Man, Mr. Atkinson—: It is the manager saying to the public, these (to whom I have given PARTS) are the only performers worthy notice. The bill of the Soldiers Daughter and Quaker commenced with informing the public that "Mr. Dwyer was afflicted with so severe a cold as to render it VITALLY IMPOSSIBLE for him to have the honor of appearing, &c." it proceeded with "*the part of*" Frank Heartfall by Mr. Bartley, who had performed it at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane—Malfort, Sen. Mr. Fawcett, who, though not belonging to the company, had obligingly offered his aid this evening to prevent the public from being disappointed. In the farce, "*the part of*" Steady by Mr. Bennett, "*the part of*" Lubin by Mr. Hill, "*and the part of*" Gillian by Mrs. Hill. For our PART, we consider this mode of fashioning a bill truly ridiculous, and unworthy a Theatre Royal. The public however in the following instance may think the play bill correct—"the part of" Kera-khan (Lodoiska) by Mr. Barrymore, AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED by HIM at the Theatre Royal Drury lane; well known



ing that in most provincial theatres great liberties are taken with PARTS, and that Kera khan in town and Kera khan in the country are not exactly the same. If you take this letter in good part, you shall hear again from, &c.

Dec. 1807.

AN ANTIPARTITE.

End of PART THE FIRST.

*Theatre Royal, WINDSOR.*—This theatre opened for the season on the 8th Dec. with *The School of Reform*, and *Of Age To-morrow*. Emery performed the part of *Tyke*, in which his merit is too well known to need any present eulogium. The character of *Mrs. Ferment* was very ably supported by Mrs. Mudie, who was warmly received on her *entrée*, and who spoke the original epilogue with great spirit. Mr. Munro, in *Frederick*, and Mr. Finch, in *Ferment*, acquitted themselves very well. The latter treads successfully in the steps of Lewis. Miss Robley, who is a very pleasing singer, performed the part of *Maria* in the farce, and gave the songs with taste and delicacy. *Hans Molkus* was assigned to a Mr. Gilbert, who rendered it prominent and diverting. The chief character in the piece, however, was Mr. Dalton, who was in high repute at Brighton, and who played the part of *Frederick* with great effect. Inledon, Miss Duncan, and other performers from London, have since gratified us by the exertion of their talents on our small stage.

Dec. 12.

A POOR KNIGHT.

*Theatre DOVER.*—Master Betty spoke the following address at his late benefit in this town:—

Tho' Proteus like, I court the mimic art,  
To raise your laughter, or to touch your heart;  
In borrow'd guise no longer I appear,  
To breathe from patriot lips one vow sincere;  
Should hostile navies, gathering from afar,  
Menace the waste of all devouring war;  
A bold defiance on its banners borne,  
Your "Castle's strength might laugh a siege to scorn;"  
With lofty bulwarks crown'd, your town's proud boast,  
Hurl its loud thunders on th' affrighted host,  
And guard from countless foes Britannia's coast.  
Nor could my soul as late your cliff sublime,  
With step advent'rous, I presum'd to climb;  
Gaz'd from its dizzy height, its beetling brow,  
On the white surge that dash'd the shores below,  
Forbear a tribute to his glorious name,  
Whose Muse has stamp'd it with a deathless fame.  
But not the cliff high towering to the sky,  
Nor banner'd bulwarks that the world defy,  
To fond remembrance will be half so dear  
As kindness felt, recorded, cherish'd here.

*Theatre HORSHAM.*—The variety and respectability of the performances; the excellence of the company, and the liberality of the manager, have been properly estimated by the inhabitants and the neighbourhood. There is now a talk of erecting a regular and commodious theatre in the town. The company returned to Worthing for one night, to play for the benefit of the widows and orphans of two fishermen of that place lately lost off Shoreham. The manager gave them the entire receipts, amounting to fifty pounds.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Works recently published, in the Press, or in preparation.*

**BIOGRAPHY.**—Original Papers, Letters, and Poems, by Burns the Poet, collected by Mr. Cromek. Account of the Life and Writings of Gibbon, by Mr. F. E. Ritchie. Account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Hugh Blair, by the same gentleman, including Biographical Notices of all the Scottish Literati, who were members of select and royal societies, and who died previously to the year 1804. Ecclesiastical Biography, or Lives of eminent Persons, connected with the History of Religion, from the Reformation to the Revolution; by the Rev. C. Wordsworth.

**HISTORY, &c.**—Historical and Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, by Mr. Hervey Morres.

**POEMS.**—*Dei Larvati*, or a Visit to the Terrestrials, a Satirical Poem. Remains of Henry Kirke White of Nottingham, by Robert Southey. *The Resurrection*, a Poem, by Mr. John Stewart.

**The ARTS.**—A Catalogue Raisonnée of the Marquis of Stafford's Collection of Pictures at Cleveland House.

**LAW.**—Remarks Critical and Miscellaneous on Blackstone's Commentaries, by James Sedgwick, Esq. Barrister at Law. second ed.

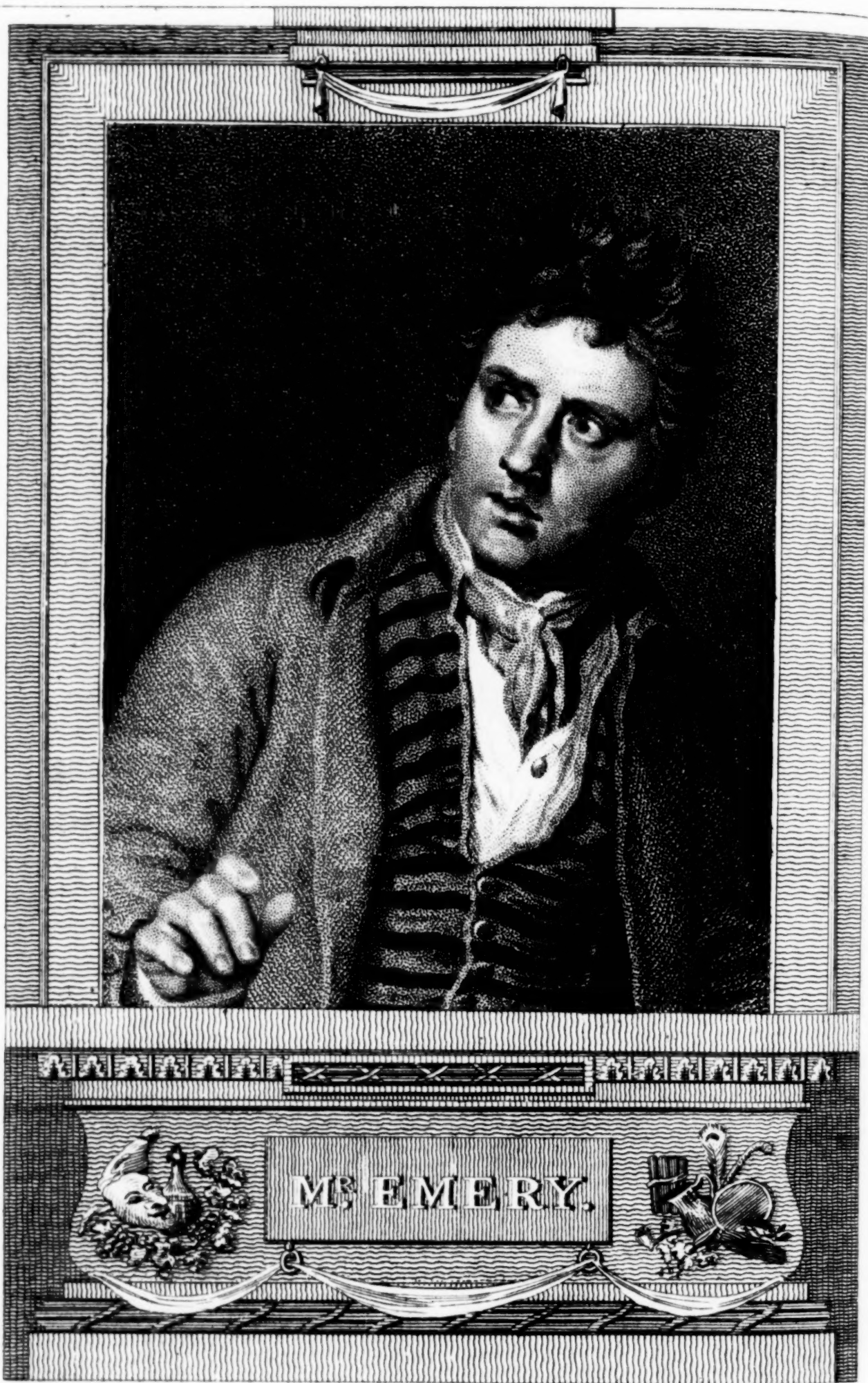
**ROMANCES.**—*Queen-Hoo-Hall*, a Legendary Romance, and *Ancient Times*, a Drama, exhibiting the Domestic Manners and Amusements of the 15th Century; by the late Joseph Strutt.

**DRAMA.**—*Time's a Tell Tale*, by Mr. H. Siddons; *Ella Rosenberg*, by Mr. Kenny; *Faulkener*, by Mr. Godwin; and *Two Faces under a Hood*; by Mr. T. Dibdin. Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres; including Remarks on the Practice and Genius of the Stage, by Mr. Leigh Hunt. A Farce called *Antiquity*, written on the dramatic principles inculcated by the Author of the Theatrical Criticisms in the *News*, to whom it is dedicated. Illustrations of Shakspeare, and Ancient Manners; by Mr. Douce. A new Critical Edition of Sophocles, with a Text collated from the best Manuscripts and printed Editions. *Dramatic Mirror*; by Thomas Gilliland.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—A Translation of Meiner's History of the Female Sex, by Mr. Shoberl. A Compilation of Naval Transactions, by Lieut. Andrew Wilson. Two more Volumes of Essays, by Dr. Drake. A superb Edition of Dr. Doddridge's *Family Expositor*, (to be completed in twelve parts). Part the first is just published.







*De Wilde pinet.*

*Woodman Junr. sculp.*

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